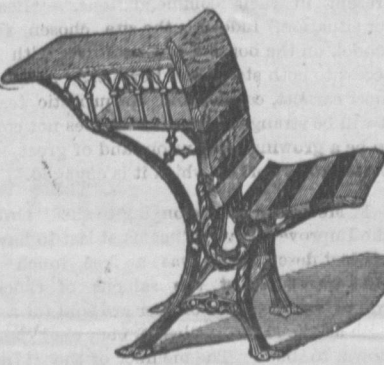


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The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME IX.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1880.

NUMBER 29.

POETRY.

The following lines have been handed to us for publication. They were sent to Miss Anna V., by Mr. Horace Spencer, the deaf-mute gentleman, of Savanna, Ill., who shot himself on June 10th, with the remark that they expressed exactly his sentiments.

THE SUMMONS.

BY ELLA WHEELER.

I think the leaf would sooner
Be the first to break away,
Than to hang alone in the orchard
In the bleak November day.
And I think the fate of the flower,
That falls in the midst of bloom,
Is sadder than if it lingered
To die in the autumn's gloom:

Some glowing golden morning,
In the heart of summer time,
As I stand in perfect vigor
And strength of my youth's glad prime,
When my heart is light and happy,
And the world seems bright to me,
I would like to drop from this earth like
As a green leaf drops from the tree.

Some day when the golden glory
Of June is over the earth,
And the birds are singing together,
In a wild, mad strain of mirth,
When the skies are as clear and cloudless
As the skies of June can be,
I would like to have the summons
Sent down from God to me.

STORE TELLER.

A TERRIBLE RIDE.

Evening set in cold and gray. Until noon the sky had been clear; but as the sun declined, a thick, leaden haze had obscured his sickly light and appearance gave promise of the coldest night of an unusually cold season. The up-train on the C—Railroad was detained by the immense drifts of snow which had formed upon the lines; and it was past 9 o'clock when the puffing locomotive came slowly and laboriously up to the little depot at A—, the northern terminus of the route.

As is usual in country places, as well as in those more thickly settled, quite a little company had been assembled in the principal room of the building, to talk over the severe weather, and discuss the probability of the non-arrival of the train that night. With the first sound of the ominous whistle, the narrow door of the depot was crowded with anxious heads, each striving to pierce farther into the darkness than its neighbor.

The usual variety of passengers alighted; each one anxious about his or her baggage, and each one particular certain that it was in just the place where the freight-master protested it was not; but, as it was with only one of this motley assemblage that we have to do.

She was a young lady, our heroine, and dressed with extreme elegance.—Springing hastily to the platform, scarcely touching the extended hand of the gentlemanly conductor, she gazed anxiously around her for a moment, and then made her way to the window of the office, which was pushed back to allow the official within to receive the express boxes, and separate the mails. The man started as her low, musical tones fell on his ear.

"Can you tell me the distance to Wolfburn?"

"Twelve miles, marm; and no passage there for five days; road completely blocked!" and he was turning away.

She put out her hand to stay him.—"No passage? It cannot be? I must be in Wolfburn within four hours, sir!—My mother is dying there!"

"Sorry—very sorry, indeed! but it is an utter impossibility of thinking of doing such a thing! Why, marm, the thermometer stands at ten degrees below zero, this very minute, and 'twill be still lower before midnight!"

"I know the cold is intense; I dare say the road is replete with danger; but my mother—the mother who brought me into existence—is dying,—there, and I must go to her!" The voice of the young girl became choked and broken as she ceased.

"It's a hard case, I must admit; but it's no use to think of attempting to get to Wolfburn to-night—the coach road is as impassable as the Alps, and the only track is across the lake; but neither man nor beast could live on that bleak ruff half the distance! I am sorry, marm; but I only speak the truth about it."

The pale face of the young lady blanched still paler, but her voice was firm.

"Cold and perilous though it be, I must go to my mother. Were I sick, she would move heaven and earth,

but she would stand by my bedside! I cannot let her, and I so very near her, and yet not in her presence! I must go, if I go on foot and alone!"

"Rash girl! it would be no better than suicide to attempt the passage of the Winnipissogee on such a night as this, even with a strong horse and an experienced guide; and such cannot be found, who will brave the horrors of the night for love or money?"

"Lady, I will go with you!" and the crowd parted before the tall, finely-built young man who came hastily to the side of the strange girl. "I am unknown to you, and my station in life is 'humble'; but if you will trust me your confidence shall not be misplaced!" He removed the cap from his head, and stood erect and dignified before her—a strikingly handsome youth, clad in rough garb of gray. There was the fire of a lofty spirit burning in his deep, hazel eye, and around the classically carved lips dwelt an expression half stern, half tender.—The clear blue eyes of the lady met his fixed yet respectful gaze, searchingly—she put her hand in his.

"God bless you, sir! There is one true heart in New Hampshire! I will trust you."

An expression of pride and gratitude swept over the young man's face, and he bent his head low before her as he said: "In half an hour I will return for you, and with a firm, elastic step, he left the depot."

The young lady dropped into a seat by the fire, and covering her face with her hands, seemed lost in a painful reverie. The listless 'hangers-on' about the place gathered together in little knots about the office window—there was a new subject to discuss.

"Fool enough is Will Argensen to undertake the crossing of the lake to-night! to-night! He'll be frozen stiff, in my opinion afore the day breaks!" exclaimed an old man, evidently the oracle of the company.

"And the gal?—It's a shame, though, for she's a sweet lookin' critter! Heaven pity her, and take care of her, for she'll need somebody's care before the night's through!"

"She's in good hands, though," said a third member of the coterie, withdrawing his pipe from his mouth as he spoke, "for Will's as noble lad as ever breathed the air of Hampshire! He knows every inch of the Winnie, as well as I know the road to the mill; and his horse is a powerful deal more intelligent than many human folks, anyhow!"

"Argensen will do well enough if there ain't a squall; but it strikes me the sky looks rather hazy, and depend upon it, this lull ain't for nothin'!" said a fourth, peering anxiously out into the darkness; and if there should be a squall—then—then—and the speaker's involuntary shudder finished the sentence. The men drew closer together, as if for mutual protection, and there was silence for a few moments, broken at last by the old man, who had spoken first.

"Only last winter, poor Henry Bleoche was frozen to death on the shore of Rattlesnake Island; and then just a week afterwards, poor Cayn Deer—been on the lake all his lifetime—got bewildered in the squalls, and died out there all alone in the dark and cold, and his folks to home settin' up to daylight expectin' him! O, it was awful—dreadful to think of! but nothin' to what it would be if a woman—a young, tender, beautiful woman—a tear wet the hardy face of the old mountaineer, and he turned to dry it on his coarse handkerchief."

At this moment the brisk jingle of sleigh-bells was heard at the door, and before the eager listeners could spring forward to open it upon the new comer, Argensen entered wrapped up in a buffalo robe.

"I am ready to attend you to Wolfburn, if you still think of going, he said, addressing the lady. She rose quickly at the sound of his voice, and accepting the large blanket which the ticket-master kindly offered her as a further protection to the inclement weather, she followed her conductor out into the dark, piercing night, and was lifted into the sleigh which awaited them. Argensen wrapped the buffalo closely around her, and attaching the large glass lantern which he carried in his hand, to the front part of the cutter, he sprang in. The horse was a large, powerfully-built animal, of a dark, iron-grey; and his fiery eyes, as well as his long, slender neck, showed him spirited and strong."

The eager crowd of idlers left their warm quarters by the stove, and gathered around the sleigh and its occupants, some expostulating on the madness of the tawain in setting out such a night—others wishing them God-speed, and amid the murmured exclamations, they drove off.

Half a mile on terra-firma, and the horse's feet rung sharp and clear on the ice of the Winnipissogee. The summits of the tall, blue mountains, which arose on either side of our

travellers, were shrouded in an impenetrable mist, and the light wind which blew was insufficient to break up the clouds of rime that filled the air.

Little or no conversation passed between these two people, so recently thrown together. Argensen was occupied with thoughts of the perilous undertaking before them; the lady, with sad images of her dying mother—dying without a kiss of her only child to smooth her passage through the dark void between time and eternity!

With anxious eye the young mountaineer scanned the thickening air, and the terrible thought would flit across his brain. "If the squalls should rise!"

Nearly four miles of the journey was passed in safety. They had reached the dreariest part of the road, and the darkness became almost palpable. Mountains black as Erebus completely walled in the shining track of ice, and by the pitching of the cutter and the careful progress of the horse, they knew that drifts of snow and bilges of ice obstructed the way. The wind steadily increased, and cut the face like a sharp icicle. The breath of our travelers congealed almost before it left their bodies, and the dark sides of the horse were covered with a feathery frost.

The cold became intense, permeating the thick buffalo skins as if they had been mere cobwebs, and the delicate frame of the young girl was chilled through. Bravely she suppressed the deathly shivers that involuntarily stole over her, but Argensen felt the effect, and, drawing his arm around her, he said in a low, earnest tone:

"Lady, we are strangers, but it is no time to stand for ceremony when one is freezing. Sit as close to me as possible, and lay your face here upon my breast; the wind is rising to a gale, and the squalls will be upon us ere long."

With one powerful arm he guided the horse, with the other one he held close to his side the little, trembling form of his companion, and the noble gray, as if feeling that everything depended on their reaching the end of their journey before the breaking of the squall over their heads, tore bravely on.

In vain! in vain! The mad wind bore along the ebon clouds with the swiftness of lightning, and scarcely more than five miles of the way were passed ere it burst upon them in all its fury. The dreaded 'white eye' enveloped them. Hail and minute particles of frozen snow, in thick, continuous sheets, blinded the eyes of the brave Argensen, and shut out the dim, overarching sky.—The horse drew up under the lee of a wooded island, and could be induced to go no further. Argensen clasped both arms around his paralyzed companion, and waited the progress of the storm.—Heavily, and more heavily she leaned upon his shoulder, and at length the fatal truth rushed over him with appalling force—the sleep that invariably precedes death by freezing was upon her!—He sprang up wildly.

"For the love of heaven, awake! Rouse yourself! To sleep is death!" A faint moan was the only response.—He tore off the buffalo robes which enveloped her and vigorously chafed her cold hands, and breathed upon her icy lips. For a time he feared that he held only death in his arms; but at last, he saw a flush steal over her face, and her eyelids slowly unrolled.

"Is it my mother holding me?" she said, dreamily; then, as if remembering all, she drew herself away from the arms that supported her. Argensen soothed and encouraged her, until the storm broke and the clouds were swept away. A few faint struggling stars burst thro' the billows of vapor, and like angels' eyes, looked down upon the wide desert of snow. Two hours they waited there—the hours of agonizing suspense—the noble horse could be made to pursue his way. With more than a brute instinct, he knew the dangers of the way in the thick darkness and storm, and refused to subject his master to greater peril.

As the wind sunk to rest, and the sky became clearer once more, our travelers went on, and after an hour's swift trot they arrived safely at Wolfburn. The necessary inquiries being made regarding the whereabouts of the young lady's mother, Argensen drove her to the house specified, and yielding to the urgent solicitations of his fellow voyager, he went in with her.

The first question of the afflicted girl was answered in such a manner that the warm blood flushed over her cheek and brow, and a fervent "Thank God!" burst from her lips.

"Mrs. Huntington is better, and much better," said the lady, whom Mrs. Huntington addressed as aunt; and Julia—for that was the name of her who had put to such a trial the courage of William Argensen—advanced towards him, and laying both

her hands in his, she burst into a flood of tears.

He took both the hands and pressed them to his lips. It was all the reward he asked—all she sought to give.

One year later, and in one of the most splendid residences in Boston, was a wedding, the groom was Wm. Argensen, the bride Julia Huntington. That night of horror had become the parent of love stronger than death—more enduring than life, and before that love the haughty pride of Julia's mother had melted away like snow before the sunshine.—The noble young mountaineer, for the sake of that love, left the hills and valleys he loved, and in a celebrated university, his mind, already rich in the royal gifts of Nature's God, became refined in flames of heaven-sent knowledge.

They are very happy now in their gorgeous home—that fair young wife and her noble husband; and often do they bless the fortune that caused them to pass that night upon the Winnipissogee.

Ceylon Elephants.

The Ceylon elephant enjoys a good name, not only in Ceylon, but on the coast, for docility and intelligence. However they are not always to be trusted, and at certain seasons they are extremely dangerous. I remember an incident which took place at a kraal at Kornegel, between Colombo and Kandy. Among the decoy elephants was a splendid fellow, belonging to the temple of Buddha at Kandy. He was one of the finest I have ever seen, measuring upward of 11 feet in height, which a pair of tusks that would have made Gordon Cumming go crazy. He was always rather queer tempered, perhaps from being made so much of as a temple elephant; and fears were entertained that his behavior might be bad, and that the sight of so many old companions in a wild state might injuriously affect him. The result may be anticipated. In the middle of the day, and in the height of the excitement, when many elephants had been secured, a wild trumpeting was heard, and presently all eyes were turned downward from the crows' nest to witness the spectacle of the temple elephant in full chase of his driver, who had given him some cause for provocation. The man held his own gallantly for a time only, just out of reach of the elephant's trunk; still there appeared hopes that he would gain the jungle and set his pursuer at defiance. All of a sudden he was seen to fall, having stumbled over the projecting root of a tree. In an instant the elephant, mad with rage, had gone on his knees, and to all appearance had impaled the unfortunate man. A shriek burst from all present who were sickened at a sight which so miserably marred the otherwise successful issue of the day. But what was our joy when the man was seen to wriggle himself out from between the tusks of the beast, regain his feet, and before his adversary could extricate his tusks from the ground again, continue his flight! He was however pressed closely, but managed to reach a deep, narrow, and dry water course, covered with thorns and briars, into which he immediately threw himself. The elephant kept hunting him by scent from above in a most clever manner; but ultimately we had the pleasure of seeing the poor fellow emerge a hundred yards below his pursuer and gain a place of safety. The elephant eventually had to be destroyed, as the day's proceedings had made him irreclaimably savage and dangerous.

—Chambers Journal.

An Awful Give Away.

"Any of you boys up to the wedding last night?" inquired Little English yesterday, as half a dozen bootblacks were taking a sun bath on the postoffice steps.

All of them were prevented from attending by very important business, and the dwarf shook his head in a solemn way and continued: "There was an awful give-away up there—worst I ever saw."

"How?"

"When they got ready to be married, the preacher wanted to know who gave the bride away, and a fellow with a swallow-tailed coat spoke as brassy as could be, and said he did. Yes, gave her dead away, and the bridegroom never even spit on his hands to hit him."

Some clocks do not strike. You must look at them, if you would know the time. Some men do not talk their Christianity; you must look at their lives if you would know what the gospel can do for human nature. But a clock need not be incorrect because it strikes not; a man need not be inconsistent because he speaks as well as acts.—[Parker.]

Battling with Lions.

EXCITING ENCOUNTER WITH LIONS IN THE JUNGLES OF AFRICA.

(London Standard.)

Mr. F. Falkner Carter, in charge of the elephants attached to the Royal Belgian expedition into Africa, gives the following exciting account of a sudden encounter which he had with lions at Kerima, Central Africa, at which place he and his caravan of one hundred and eighty men had arrived. In a letter received from him by the last mail, dated from that station, he mentions the difficulties he had experienced in procuring animal food for his men. "Our only food," he says, "consists of Indian corn pounded between two stones, with a good share of sand, and only salt with it. It is well to have even this, but still, men accustomed all their lives to good animal food can not live on such poor fare, and so I go out every second or third day with my gun and shoot a zebra, eland, water-buck, etc. One of any of these enables us to live in clover for a single day. A recent expedition of this kind, however, nearly cost me my life. I felt that I must go in search for food, as there was not at that time a morsel in our camp, and so forth I sallied. My first shot was at a giraffe, into whom I put two bullets, and then followed him over hill and dale until noon, when heat, thirst, and want of food, obliged me to give up the chase. After smoking a pipe and taking some rest I was off again; got a shot at a zebra, but missed him. The zebra, I should mention, is the best meat in Africa. Rather disheartened, and grieving for the poor hollow-eyed fellows I should meet on my return, for whom I had nothing in the shape of food, I turned toward camp, and just at 3.30, p. m., a fine boar dashed past me. I sent a bullet through him at once, but on he went. I knew, however, we should find him dead a few hundred yards ahead, by the quantity of blood in the long grass; so I followed, but just then sighted three zebras—so dropped piggie's trail and went off to try and stalk the zebras. In about ten minutes after I heard a fearful row, and my two gun-bearers said it was a rhinoceros. I laid hold of my No. 10 bore handing my 'express' to my bearer, telling him and the man carrying the smooth bore to keep close to me. I glided silently through the grass, over six feet high, until close to the spot; then I knew if it were a rhinoceros that he was laying down, as I could not see a sign of him, so I decided it must be two wild boars fighting. Something told me they could not make such a horrible noise, which actually seemed to shake the ground and rend the very air around me. Strange to say, it never struck me that the noise might have proceeded from lions, although the place is full of them, so I advanced boldly, dividing the grass with my rifle. I then discovered three lions, devouring the pig I had shot, and in that short time had finished half of it. The two nearest were within two feet of me, and the furthest three and a half feet. The brutes' heads, chests, and claws were covered with blood. Though startled at first, I was perfectly cool, and yet felt perfectly certain that I must be killed, as even a tame lion is savage when eating his food. The lion opposite caught sight of me at once, curled his lips, lashed his side with his tail, but what the others were doing I can not say, as my friend was in the act of springing, and I dare not take my eye off him for a second. At last he crouched for the spring, and I let drive in his face, retreating a step to give me a chance with the other barrel at one of the remaining two determined to sell my life dearly, but to my great delight these two sprang over the grass in opposite directions. I gave a short sigh of relief, looked around for my gun-bearer, and there they were, fifty yards off. The rascals had run away, and I had no gun to fall back upon. I returned to pick up my dead lion, but found he had crept away with a bullet through him. I followed his trail until the jungle got too thick, and it being nearly dark, I abandoned the search."

When a man's curiosity is piqued, he asks sharp questions.

A blacksmith is a better authority than Hoyle on "old sledge."

The sailor whose grog allowance was cut off said it was a dry dock.

Many of the new summer books in press will be bound in muslin.

"Farewell, my home," sang the barber, as he saw a thief making off with it.

The prevailing style in spring bills is to wear them much longer than usual, before being paid.

Of what stuff are candidates made?—New York Express.

Rhinoceros hide and all that's tough.—Whitehall Times.

Home is the dearest place on earth—when the wife strives to keep ahead of all her neighbors in style.

The mode of Intellectual Conception

[From the New York Times.]

Dr. Peet, at the closing exercises of the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, gave utterance to some observations respecting the natural mode of intellectual conception are worth noting as the opinions of a practical expert in the study of mental and moral processes. A bright little fellow of ten or twelve years of age, had just given ideographic representation of some animals and of the compound action of a man shooting a bird from a tree. The representation of the tree came first; then the bird was represented as alighting upon the tree; then the lad retired a few feet and gave the representation of a hunter taking aim with a fowling-piece; then the report of a musket was interpreted, and finally the fall and gasping of the bird. The presentation was so vivacious and dramatic that it scarcely needed the verbal commentary furnished by Dr. Peet to advise the audience as to the nature and progress of the story. In commenting upon this presentation, Dr. Peet said he was satisfied that the boy had followed the natural mode of conception in telling the story just related; he had done exactly what an artist would have done in putting the story upon canvas, and from this Dr. Peet drew the conclusion that the natural mode of intellectual conception is the pictorial one. It did not apparently occur to Dr. Peet that one must form an opinion upon this question from pathological phenomena, and that where the sense of hearing and its correlative articulate expression are absent, the eye furnishes the only means of arranging the sensations in coherent order, and enters into the process of conception probably by reflex action. This well-ascertained fact of the compensation, in a measure at least, of one sense for another, accounts for many curious psychological phenomena. It has been found that poets and painters often possess the power of reflex action of the eye—that is, of actually reproducing upon the retina an image or scene which may be essential to poetic or artistic narrative. Goethe possessed this faculty; so did Shelley, and it is found to be the rule generally with persons of extraordinary imaginative power. It may be concluded, then, that if the optical organization is dominant, the mode of intellectual conception will be pictorial, while, on the other hand, in privation of optic organization, as in the congenitally blind, but not deaf and dumb, it is to be found rhythmical. There are few who have not noticed the curious metrical cadence in which blind persons usually converse, the action generally coming first in the structure of the sentence, until proper training has interposed to protect it. In other words, a deaf-mute depends upon optic organization for his mode of conceiving an action, and conceives it pictorially; while a victim of blindness depends more specifically upon the ear, and conceives the action first. Dr. Peet's view is precisely that which an experience of many years in the study of deaf-mutes has impressed upon his mind as the prevailing mode of intellectual conception; and doubtless it is the prevailing mode in persons deprived of hearing but having the sense of sight intact. Had his studies been among healthy children, with normal development of all the senses, he would have formed a different opinion, and arrived at different conclusions. Observation establishes the fact that, where the senses are all intact, they enter into the mode of intellectual conception in proportion to their relative sensitiveness and intensity, and hence no one mode of ideation can be insisted upon as the normal one, to the exclusion of all others.

Old Mr. McKenny.

Aaron McKenny, who died recently in Maine aged 102, was a most remarkable example of vigorous health and extreme of conservatism. He was able to take care of himself to the very last. To a few weeks before his death he shaved himself, hoed his own corn and chopped his own wood. He also knocked down a man who had suggested the appointment of a guardian for him, which brought on his first lawsuit, wherein he acted as his own counsel, earnestly defending himself against a charge of assault and battery. He had never been out of the town of Saco—he was born there when it was named Scarborough—save on one occasion, when he followed a horse thief into New Hampshire and caught him. He had never been on a railway train, and had never sent or received a telegram. All the wonderful improvements and inventions of the age were to him as if they had never been. He was born in the last century—December 21, 1777—one year after the foundation of the republic. He had never tasted liquor, except as some patriotic celebration, like February 22, or July 4th, which he always observed, and had never taken medicine until he had passed 100. Although a life-long Democrat, he had voted the Democratic ticket since the formation of the party—he had never been a candidate for any office, and once when appointed by the Governor a justice of the peace, peremptorily refused to serve. Having married early, and having had three children, who died in infancy, he became a widower at 30, and never remarried. The reverse of a Bourbon morally, he was a thorough Bourbon in the quality of his mind and character.

The mark of cane—dust on the unruly school-boy's jacket.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 15, 1880.

E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, (published at 1623 Street and Tenth Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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TRIUMPH OF TRUTH!

We give below answers to questions propounded by the *Leader*. In answering them we do not wish to be understood as defending the course pursued by the Trustees of the Home Fund or by Dr. Gallaudet, but desire rather to show the public that they have acted with perfect good faith and good judgment. It is unnecessary to comment upon the absurdity of some of the questions here asked, those who have good sense will detect them without any suggestive aid; but for the sake of the few who may not at a glance understand their real nature, and who might possibly translate silence to indicate disability, we have given answers to all of them. We are not combating the *Leader's* theory, nor even answering these questions for that paper, but reply to them for the benefit of those who, not knowing the real facts, may have been misled by the clamorings of a poor deluded creature, whose chaotic hallucinations are leading him on to a state of complete mental and moral insanity.

1. Why have Messrs. John Carlin, Wm. O. Fitzgerald and C. S. Newell held the positions as President, Treasurer and Secretary ever since the Building Fund was organized?

1. Because Messrs. John Carlin, William O. Fitzgerald and C. S. Newell, are deaf-mutes of undoubted integrity, and in whose capacity and understanding in their respective positions all deaf-mutes have the fullest faith. Another reason may be—Because very few deaf-mutes would care to undertake such a thankless task—a task that would only expose them to the malicious criticism of an ungrateful public.

2. Where is the \$34.71 that was left over after paying \$36.45 for the bill of the Cleric Monument Views?

2. It was used for the general expenses of the Home before the Building Fund project was started.

3. Was the \$150.26 that was left as balance on the Cleric Monument Fund, added to the treasury of the Building Fund?

3. This was used in the same manner as the foregoing.

4. Why was not Angie Fuller admitted as an inmate of the Home in, or about the year 1874 when she, or her friends, applied for her admission. And after she had turned over \$10 to the Church Mission. When her friends asked for her admission, Dr. Gallaudet, and others, said that there was no room. Was not there room for her when three or four inmates were admitted soon afterwards?

4. Dr. Gallaudet has no recollection that she ever applied. The \$10 donation was acknowledged both publicly and by private letter.

5. How is it that in the fourth annual report of the Mission we find that Mrs. H. D. Wyman gave for the Home \$1,000 and in the same report we see that \$500 from Mrs. Wyman through Dr. Gallaudet, was given to the Building Fund, still nothing was said about it by the Treasurer of the Fund.

5. The money was given by Mrs. Wyman to Dr. Gallaudet to be used as he thought best. Dr. Gallaudet therefore used his judgment in the matter, and gave \$500—one half—to the Building Fund (see page 35, Fourth Annual Report), the other half was given to the General Fund. The full amount, \$1,000, is acknowledged on page 31 of the Fourth Annual Report.

6. And how did it come to pass that Mrs. A. T. Stewart gave \$2,000 to the Mission and when divided \$1,000 was for the Building Fund, still nothing was said about it by the Treasurer of the Fund.

6. The Stewart donation was divided in the same way as the Wyman

gift, and was used in precisely the same manner, and the whole amount is acknowledged in the Fourth Annual Report, page 32. The \$1,000 moiety for the Building Fund is acknowledged on page 34 of the same Report. The *Leader* seems to have confounded the list of acknowledgments with the treasurer's report. The former embraces everything—Building Fund and General Fund. There is a special treasurer for the General Fund, as well as a treasurer for the Building Fund.

7. Why was \$3,500 of the Fund's money loaned to the Doctor's church?

7. Because it was considered a safe investment.

8. Why was not the interest on the \$3,500 loan paid in cash?

8. Because the Trustees did not demand cash, but were satisfied to renew the note with added interest.

9. Have the officers of the Building Fund given any security for the faithful performance of their duties?

9. We believe they have given no money security, and as the work brings them no recompense, and does not involve anything of very great importance, we do not see why they should. Their regard for their social standing in society is a sufficient guarantee for the faithful performance of their duty.

10. Why is not the Treasurer's report, in corporation cases, sworn to before a Justice as being a true and faithful report?

10. The Treasurer's account is audited every year by a Committee of the Trustees. The General Manager presents, every December, a statement under oath to the County Clerk, according to the laws which govern charitable societies.

11. Why did not the Manager and his subordinates step forward and declare all of the *Leader's* statements false, malicious, and without any foundation whatever?

11. Because the editor of the *Leader*, W. A. Bond, is so well known in New York society that his word can have little or no weight with the respectable deaf-mutes. Because it would lower Dr. Gallaudet in the estimation of true and respectable people were he to stop in his God-given work of helping the deaf and dumb to debate with a man—no, a person deficient alike in morals, in education and in judgment. Because it would be giving importance to the invidious suspicions of a confessed atheist, and would be throwing away words on a mind whose capacity for understanding is very limited and whose tendency to malicious cunning blinds him to all that is good.

12. Is the reason for not paying the interest on the loan in cash because it could not be obtained?

12. No; it is not.

13. What security was given for this loan?

13. A church note.

14. Is it a second mortgage?

14. It is not a mortgage at all.

15. Is not St. Ann's Church in a \$20,000 debt and held by a first mortgage?

15. Yes; but the Church property is worth \$100,000.

16. Is the Fund Treasurer obliged to make his report to order?

16. This question seems to imply that the Fund Treasurer is dishonest. The Fund Treasurer always makes a true statement to the Trustees.

17. Is the security on the loan equivalent?

17. We believe it to be more than equivalent.

18. Why was not land on Long Island purchased a year ago when an acre was worth from twenty to thirty dollars?

18. Because the Trustees were not prepared to buy any property until they had a much larger fund.

19. Was it because the money could not be obtained?

19. It was not because the money could not be obtained.

20. Why was the change in the management made recently—from a National Home project to a State Home project?

20. This question has been answered in the *JOURNAL* of May 6th, 1880.

21. If the \$3,745 was secure and could be obtained when wanted, why was not it drawn and used a year ago to buy land, knowing that the real estate market would rise to-day?

21. As we have said in Answer 18, they did not want to buy it until they had a larger fund. They want a fund that will enable them to complete everything that would be required in such an enterprise. If they started without sufficient money to erect buildings, etc., the expense of maintaining unoccupied land would more

than counterbalance the advantage in price in the long run.

22. Who encouraged the increase in salaries?

22. It is very likely that the Trustees of the Church Mission did, we know of no other way of obtaining any increase. The additional work would be likely to suggest it.

23. Who invented and moved that the salaries be paid?

23. If the salaries were decided upon, the motion that they be paid would be unnecessary.

24. Why was the present Home allowed to run into debt while the salaries were paid?

24. We do not know of any charitable institution, which does not receive State aid, that is free from debt. The Home debt is very trifling and will, no doubt, be canceled before long. If the officers who labor in the interests of the Home are not paid, how are they to keep out of debt? They must live, and in order to live must be paid for their services. We do not believe there is any man living, who has no means of support other than what he earns, would be willing to work for nothing and allow himself and family to be dependent upon others for the necessities of life. We do not believe Dr. Gallaudet's salary is too high. Dr. Gallaudet is an eminent and learned man, and if he had devoted his life to any other cause, he would now be receiving much more pay and a great deal less trouble.

25. Why was not the present Home removed to some other place where cheaper rent could be obtained?

25. The matron of the Home, Miss Middleton, has lived in the house now occupied for many years. Her mother died in it, and she is naturally attached to it. She provided nearly all the furniture that is used, and, as matron, receives no salary. Her heart is in her work. Were the Home moved to a place where rent could be obtained cheaper, the additional expense of paying for a matron's services would make the total expenses even larger. Any one can think what a trial it must be to take care of about a dozen aged deaf-mutes, who can only get about in a slow and feeble manner, some of whom are almost blind while others are decided imbeciles.

26. Why did Mr. Hodgson refuse to publish Mr. Russell Smith's letter?

26. Because the letter was written in a malicious spirit (as we believe these questions to be), and we gave our reasons by letter to Mr. Smith, and informed him that we expected he would have our letter published, and that he was at liberty to have it published, or words to that effect.

27. Why does Dr. Gallaudet and his agents go about asking money to help the needy deaf-mutes, while, in fact, the needy ones are only the inmates of the present Home?

27. We have never asked about this, but we believe there are plenty who do need help, and many who get it, and, if our memory serves us aright, W. A. Bond received aid in the shape of an overcoat a year or two ago.

28. How long has the loan been running?

28. Look at the Reports of the Church Mission and you will know.

29. Why was not the loan made in U. S. bonds?

29. There is more than one way of investing, and we suppose that the Trustees knew what they were doing, and will in the end get a greater interest from the investment, while the money is perfectly secure.

30. Why does the *JOURNAL* publish religious notices of Dr. Gallaudet and his agents and leave all notices of all other churches out?

30. We will gladly publish religious notices—and we have done so—for any one else in New York or elsewhere of whatever sect. We have never refused to publish any notice of this kind that has been sent to us.

31. How does Mr. Hodgson repay Dr. Gallaudet for his influence in obtaining for him the position as a foreman in the printing office?

31. Mr. Bond knows that Dr. Gallaudet never aided Mr. Hodgson in any way, that his position was obtained on his merits, that he did not drop into a vacancy, but was the founder of the printing department at the New York Institution.

32. How did Dr. Gallaudet get his editorial on the "New Departure" published in the *JOURNAL* beforehand?

32. With characteristic disregard for truth, the above question, which insinuates what is downright falsehood, is asked. All of our readers know that the editorial appeared on May 6th, more than one week after the meeting at which the "New De-

parture" was decided upon, and that at the beginning of the editorial we mention that we were present at the meeting, and that the editorial is consequent upon our attendance.

The *Leader* has harped upon this Home subject ever since it came into existence, and this is the first time it has asked any direct questions. It states that these are the only questions it can put. It has been crying out that it has discovered a mountain of fraud, but when we come to examine it we find not even a mole hill. The above were, without doubt, asked with malice intent, yet even all the cunning that has been hatching for nearly two years, has failed to put a single unanswerable question. By the way this subject has monopolized the columns of the *Leader*, one would think the editor's ideas of deaf-mute progress all centred into the establishment of a \$6,000 Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes. When to these cramped views we add the illogical and illiterate arguments which have been used to support them, we have before us something which calls forth not scorn, but lower yet, disgust. Our object is to help all deaf-mutes, not individually, but as a class, and we believe more in forwarding the worldly interests of the young and able than in throwing all our energy and usefulness into the one object of paying the way for an easy life for those who have not the power to help themselves. This helping the aged and infirm is but a side issue, and although we have all the sympathy for them which their helplessness commands, we still cannot neglect the true welfare of our class by ignoring the rising generation and working solely for the old and incompetent. Doing this would be adding to the number of candidates for charitable support in time to come.

National Convention.

We call attention to the timely remarks, in another column, of Prof. Emery about admitting, on an equal footing, any Canadian mutes who may wish to attend the convention. We always understood that the Canadians had a voice in the matter, if they felt inclined to use it. We think it is hardly necessary to call it a "General" Convention, for we are quite satisfied that the majority of deaf-mutes would not take to a change that is proposed at so late a day. As one who will attend, we can guarantee the mutes who may come from over the line a cordial welcome from those who will be present. As Mr. Emery aptly remarks, our interests are to a great extent, synonymous.

We are still of the opinion that a National Committee is an absolute necessity, and are glad to find that others are of like mind in regard to it. Mr. George Holmes, of Boston, presents this week a ticket which we think will be acceptable to the large majority of deaf-mutes. Mr. Emery will, we doubt not, gladly accept. Mr. McGregor, we are sure will have no objection to serving, and Mr. Harry White has signified his willingness by a letter which appears in this number. Mr. Chapin, or Mr. Freeman will no doubt see that the South does not lack a representative. As for myself, while not desiring to stand in the light of a better man, we will be glad to render all the assistance in our power, and, as the political candidate would say: we are in the hands of the people. We hope those whose names are proposed will communicate with the chairman, Mr. McGregor, at once, in order that the interests of the Convention may not suffer by delay. The National Committee having been decided upon, a programme should at once be drawn out and published. The convention does not lack advocates, and the only thing needed is for some one to take the lead. So let those who really have the welfare of the convention at heart do nothing to retard it, and let the gentlemen whose names are proposed as a committee take the matter in hand and show the deaf-mute world a programme that will attract the interest of every one by whom it is read.

We have received three books, "Adirondacks Illustrated," "Lake George Illustrated," and "Ticonderoga," which is a companion volume to the second mentioned. They are all from the pen of S. R. Stoddard, and are each profusely illustrated with etchings and other cuts, representing scenes in the region of which they treat. The information which they contain is intermingled with amusing anecdotes, making them at once both instructive and amusing. All are beautifully printed and bound in cloth, and can be obtained by addressing the author, at Glen's Falls, N. Y.

NOTICES.

Service for deaf-mutes at St. Andrew's Church, Harlem, July 18th, at 4 P.M.

Quarterly services for deaf-mutes in St. Paul's Church, Albany, Sunday the 25th inst., at 2:30 P.M. Rev. Dr. Gallaudet will officiate.

Service for Deaf-Mutes will be conducted in Bethesda Church, Saratoga Springs, on Sunday, the 18th inst., at 3:30 P.M., by Rev. Dr. G. Mandet.

Rev. Job Turner is to hold service on Sunday, July 25th, in Henniker, N. H. Deaf-mutes in the neighbouring towns, as well as in Henniker, will be cordially invited. Any of them wishing to stop at a hotel can have cheap board.

Deaf-mutes of Boston and vicinity are invited to attend service in St. Matthew's Church, South Boston, Broadway near E. St., at 3:30 P.M., and in the Sunday School Room of the Church of the Good Shepherd, Boston, Cortes St. near Fordman, at 7:30 P.M., on Sunday the 18th inst. Mr. William Bailey will officiate.

WANTED.

A lady competent of teaching Articulation, with the best of reference, desires a situation in school or private family. Address—

MISS C. L. HEMPSTONE,
DICKERSON'S STATION,
Mont'g Co., Md.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

There are about ten deaf-mutes in Jackson, Tenn.

Miss Annabelle Kent is spending her vacation at Ocean Grove, N. J.

Mr. James Fisher, of Cave Spring, Ga., will spend the summer in Massachusetts.

Susan W. Harrington has moved from Middlesex Village to Chelmsford, Mass.

Miss Ella Groom recently visited Cave Spring, Ga., and stayed for about one week.

It is reported that Mr. B. G. Kingsley intends to start a deaf-mute paper, to be known as the *Silent Knight*.

A mute of Hackensack, N. J., in a transport of joy, squeezed his affianced to death. The jury's verdict was: "Died of mute-elation."

We had the pleasure of meeting, on Thursday last, Mr. B. H. Atwood, of the Beverly Industrial School. He was accompanied by his little daughter.

Mr. G. Walker and Miss T. C. Carrender were present at the annual examination at the Georgia Institution, and returned home well pleased with their trip.

John Turck, living near Geneva, N. Y., who was partially deaf, was run over about a week ago by a train on the Corning road and killed.—*Naples Neapolitan*.

Mr. Peter Geizler, of West Meriden, has just gone to Boston with his family instead of Thomaston, Ct., where his school-mates will miss him. He will stay a week or more in the Hub, among his many silent friends.

Mrs. Sophia A. Steere, of West Meriden, has been down suffering with Neuralgia and fever the past two months. She is gradually improving in health, and will soon be out visiting her mute friends elsewhere.

In Baltimore, Md., on the evening of the 5th inst., the Rev. Job Turner baptized the little daughter of Levi and Mary Tyler, both deaf-mutes, in their residence, in the presence of their mother, Mrs. Morgan, Miss Katie Fieldpush and her brother, and a speaking lady named Catharine Fieldpush.

The family of William K. Chase, of Mandan, Fla., went to Massachusetts on the 28th of June accompanied by Mrs. Burditt, after a ten years' stay in Florida. They went to housekeeping in a pleasant suburban town of Maplewood, seven miles from Boston. Mr. Chase was unable to accompany them, as his orange grove needed his constant attention.

DEAF AND DUMB BROTHER—A deaf and dumb man, armed with a slate, and fortified with more fortitude than was good for him, ran into the embrace of F. C. McGhee, on Friday afternoon. He made his appearance on Saturday before May or Lundy, who fined him \$5 and costs, and he was paid on Monday if he had not left town in the meantime. The fellow appeared to have plenty of money, but the conduct of those who would supply liquor to an unfortunate in his position, is most reprehensible.—*Peterboro Examiner*.

The building formerly occupied by the boys' department of St. Joseph's Asylum for Deaf-Mutes in Fordham, under the care of the religious Order known as the "Daughters of Mary" or "Sisters of the Holy Heart of Mary," is now undergoing a thorough renovation preparatory to being fitted up for the temporary use of the Catholic Infant Asylum. The female department of the Institution still remains in Fordham, but the boys' department has been removed to the new establishment purchased some time ago, at Throg's Neck, in Westchester, a short distance from the Catholic Rectory.

The Second Annual Picnic of the mutes of Worcester and other places was held at Joslin Grove, in Auburn, on the 5th inst. It was well attended, and was a very enjoyable affair. The names of the picnicers are as follows: Mr. Alex. Houghton, of San Francisco, Cal., and Mrs. J. O. Sanger, of Westboro, Mr. and Mrs. E. Harrington, of Brighton, Messrs. W. H. Krause, E. A. Wellington and Miss Hattie F. Robinson, of Boston, Mr. Alden P. Osmond, of Natick, Miss Belle H. and Nellie Tucker, of N. Brookfield, and Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Howe, Mr. and Mrs. John Trask, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Green and Messrs. S. F. Wheeler, C. E. Knight, Henry M. Howe, and W. Clarkson, Miss Alice L. and Edith Houghton, Mrs. E. W. Bonny, Mrs. Ella Bruckner, all of Worcester. There were some speaking couples with them.

Mr. Swett, of the Beverly School, is in New York.

Miss Alden, of Maine, is still staying in Boston and apparently enjoying herself.

Russell Smith has gone to Blair, Neb., to sojourn for a week for the benefit of his health.

C. S. Deem, lately of the Ohio Institution, is an apprentice in the *Republican* office, at Lima, Ohio.

G. Newhall, the "little giant," of Boston, is in New York, as is also Mr. Hasbain, of Philadelphia.

The Genet family, of Harlem, N. Y., have gone to Thomaston, Conn., to take up their permanent abode.

Albert C. Hargrave, of Boston, will start on a two months' tour in Maine, after next week. May he bring back a wife with him.

Mr. Thomas Warner and wife, Charles Dickinson, of Ohio, and John Breen, are at Niagara Falls, stopping at the International Hotel for a few days.

Mr. G. C. W. Gamage, one of the teachers of the New York Institution, sailed for Europe in the steamship Nevada, of the Williams & Gailon Line, on Tuesday, July 13th.

George W. Hartley, of East End, Pittsburgh, Pa., expects to start for Cincinnati on August 23d, to attend the Convention. He would consider it a favor if some mute acquainted with the city, will meet him at the depot upon his arrival. He expects to take up his quarters at the St. James Hotel.

The Rev. H. W. Sytle sailed on the *Baltica*, for Glasgow, on the 10th, to be absent all October. The trip is taken for his health, which has for a long time been very poor. It is to be hoped that it will be so much improved on his return as to enter vigorously on the duties of his diocesan missionary work in Pennsylvania. Bishop Stevens having appointed him under the new Commission on Church Work among Deaf-Mutes. His address will be 30 Broadway, New York, care of J. A. Perry.

Eddie Friabee, it is said, will take part in the walking match to come off at Willow Dale, giving all other competitors a five minutes start. So many of his friends have desired to see him on his heels that he has consented to give an exhibition of his powers. A fine photograph of him is on exhibition at George Wright's store, on Washington St., Boston, with the following words on it: "Friabee, the famous Deaf-Mute Pedestrian."

The Carnival and Baltimore Athletic Club, of Baltimore, celebrated the Fifth of July with a grand picnic at Irving Park, about twenty miles from the city. A train of twenty cars left the depot at 10 A.M., filled with the party, among whom were twenty deaf-mute ladies and gentlemen. The day was passed in such athletic games as foot ball, swinging and croquet. Dancing was also indulged in. In the evening, a grand display of fireworks was given. The party left for home at 10 P.M., where they arrived without accident. All expressed themselves highly pleased with the trip.

At the conference of Charities and Correction, recently held at Cleveland, when Pennsylvania was called Dr. Luther, Secretary of the Board of Charities of that state, made a short address replete with important facts and figures. He stated that the progress in all charitable and correctional matters during the past year had been very satisfactory. There are in the state five hospitals for the insane and imbecile, sufficient for all demands and fast superseding the almshouses in these departments. The system in Pennsylvania regarding blind, deaf and dumb, and imbecile children is peculiar. Institutions for the treatment of pupils of these classes derive aid from the state, from counties and cities, and also from friends and relatives of inmates. The state provides for their custody and care, their individual boards paying a per capita fee for their board. There is also a state provision whereby whenever there are eight or more deaf and dumb persons in any school district a teacher is provided for them at state expense. There are in the state 2,300 deaf and dumb persons, of whom 400 are inmates of public institutions.

On Sunday, the 4th inst., at the conclusion of the morning service of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society, Rev. Samuel Rowe officiating, the following sentiments upon the death of Mr. Holmes' child, were received from J. T. Tillingham, who, being prevented from going in person, sent this letter of sympathy instead, was read and unanimously concurred in:

"In less than one year we are again called upon to sympathize deeply with our Brother, George A. Holmes. The hour of affliction again rests heavily upon him; he has been called upon by the Providence of God, to suffer the taking away of his youngest son, who, we cannot doubt, has joined that joyful throng around the throne of God in Heaven. We, therefore, wish to express our heartfelt sympathy with him. The Master of us all has said: 'What I do, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.' In this world we see, as in a glass, darkly. Beyond that portal, the wonderful things of our God will be made plain to all who believe in Him. He never willingly afflicts, and the bitter sorrow in parting with our loved ones seemeth needful in the carrying out of some all-wise and merciful design. The little one is safe from the trials and tribulations of this vale of tears; we need only think of him as happy beyond all comprehension, and having joined the spirit of his mother, whom we all love to remember. We hope Brother Holmes is sustained and comforted by an unfailing trust in that God who doeth all things well, and can say: 'Thy will, O Lord, not mine, be done,' and as his day so may his strength be. May the grace of that God, which he has so often proclaimed, be sufficient unto him in this, his hour of affliction, for 'Blessed are they that put their trust in Him.'"

As an ending to the above expressions of condolence, the following verses were recited:

"All his jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own."

Little children, little children,
Who love their redeemer,
Are the jewels, precious jewels,
His loved and his own.
Like the stars of the morning,
His bright crown adorning,
They shall shine in their beauty
Bright stars for his crown."

Mr. Holmes has proved by the firm management of the Society, in spite of the attempts prompted by envy and malice to break it up, that he is a mute of no common ability. Very few persons know how much he has borne from his position in the Society, and still less how much he had done for it; that he had sacrificed his time, money and reputation for the sake of giving the mutes of Boston and vicinity a place of worship, and his services are becoming the more recognized the better they are known. Therefore, the sympathy in his behalf was general and sincere, when his little child died. Aside from his official position on the Society, he is a genial, warm-hearted man, and those qualities as well as his fine person, have won him a host of friends, who regret the late bereavement that has befallen him. It is hoped that the dark clouds of misfortune have passed away over his head, and that, hereafter, sunshine will be his portion.

Dr. Porter is at Saratoga.

Herman Erbe, of Thomaston, Ct., is in New York.

A full report of the M. L. A. Excursion will appear in our next.

Dr. I. L. Peet has gone to his farm in Dunkirk, N. Y.

The report that Supt. Folsom of the Iowa Institution has been removed, is false.

Miss Alice L. Houghton has gone to Boston on a visit with her friends for a few weeks.

F. A. Gerloff, night watchman at the New York School, sailed for Germany on the 13th.

Mr. J. S. Wells will act as lay reader to the deaf-mutes of Baltimore, in Grace Church Chapel, during the summer months.

Mrs. Fort Lewis Selney, of Rome, New York, is visiting in this city at the residence of her mother, Mrs. Youngs, and will remain until fall. *The Daily News (Denver, Col.) July 4.*

Rev. Job Turner was in Baltimore, on the 5th inst., and made some calls on deaf-mutes. He baptized Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Tyler's baby at their home. Mrs. Susie Morgan was present at the ceremony.

On Wednesday night last Prof. Melville Ballard and his lady, of Baltimore, were surprised but pleased to receive a visit from a party of respectable mutes, including the Rev. Job Turner. A very pleasant time was spent. Prof. Ballard thinks of spending a few days with his relatives in Maine.

A short time before Mr. Charles Korney reached Evansville, Ind., from Washington City, D. C., there was a very interesting gathering at the St. Cloud Hotel. Oliver Anderson and wife, son and daughter-in-law of the proprietor, are deaf and dumb, and a party of young friends, similarly afflicted, paid them a social visit. The guests included Misses Lena Reimig, Babetta Mayer, and Louisa Schmidt, and Messrs. A. Brislin and George Harrison.

We clip the following from the *Beverly Citizen*, of June 26: "The Industrial School for Deaf-Mutes at Ryall Side, in Beverly, held its closing examination for the season Tuesday afternoon last, with highly interesting exercises. Professor R. H. Atwood and Miss Nellie H. Swett, the teachers, are admirably fitted for their work, and they have some very bright pupils in their school. A large number of friends were present, and all were much gratified at what they witnessed of the marvels of thus teaching the dumb to speak, both by signs and by voice. Much commendation was bestowed upon the neatness and good order of the whole establishment, both in its living and teaching departments, and the attractive features of the place for such a school were readily recognized. Messrs. Baker and Boyden, of the town school committee, were present, and joined with all present in their commendations. 'Beautiful for situation,' indeed is the site chosen for the school, on the borders of Bass River, with ready access to both steam and horse cars, and having most earnest, capable and enthusiastic teachers, it will be strange indeed if this does not continue to be a growing institution, and of great service in the good work in which it is engaged."

F. Mettenberger, belonging to the "Order of the Improved Tramp," seems at last to have got his just deserts. He was a free lunch thief. He lounged about the saloons of Cincinnati, where big schooners of beer are sold for a nickel with all the mannae, cheese, etc., one can cram down, to boot. The member of the "Improved Order" made it a duty to call at several of these stands regularly every day, and devour that which is set up for those who buy a schooner. He will do so now no more. The proprietors of the saloons getting weary of his continual visits, and having the saving of his soul at heart, made complaint to the "cops" to get him out of the way for his own good and that of the city. Accordingly, a guardian of the city laid hold of the "Improved Order Tramp," and quietly led him to where all such characters are placed. It was found at this place that he was deaf and dumb, or pretended to be. A Mr. Runkel, who takes great interest in the welfare of deaf-mutes, was called upon to state if he knew a deaf and dumb man by the name of Mettenberger. His reply was that he had heard of such a person, but as to his character, knew nothing about it; he could bring a gentleman who likely was acquainted with the person in question. Mr. R. referred the guardian of the city's welfare to Mr. R. P. McGregor, and thither he went and made his wants known. Mr. McG. likewise knew very little about the afore-said Tramp. He, however, handed the officer a copy of the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL of a late date, containing a pen-picture of the person styled "The Tramp of the Improved Order." That article was sufficient for all purposes. The order to the Tramp were: "You are to leave the city limits within twenty-four hours. If found after that time, you will be arrested and confined to the Workhouse for the usual time meted out in such cases like yours."

The National Convention.

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

"COLUMBUS."

DOINGS AND HAPPENINGS IN AND AROUND THE OHIO INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF-MUTES, AS DISHED UP FOR THE "JOURNAL" READERS BY OUR CORRESPONDENT.

An episode took place last Saturday evening at the Institution just after tea, which was not down on the Epicurean's bill of fare.

Mr. Henry C. Filler has been Steward of the Institution for a little over two years. The powers have been ordered that another person should fill his position after the 15th inst. Mr. Filler, during his official connection with the house, by his genial and gentlemanly manners has won many friends, who before were strangers to him. Hence, in order that he might bear away with him some token of remembrance of his Institution life, it was determined to bestow upon him and his wife, a present, and make it an occasion of surprise to them. All the officers and employees about the Institution contributed their mite towards the scheme. The time chosen for the presentation, as before stated, was last Saturday evening. While Mr. and Mrs. Filler were quietly sipping their tea and utterly unconscious of what was going on about them, those in the dining room with them and others about the house, noiselessly slipped into the library room. Supper finished, Mr. and Mrs. Filler were about to go to their usual haunts, when they were suddenly taken in tow and escorted through the Superintendent's room into the library. Their surprise at seeing so many of their associates collected there can well be imagined. It was some time before they could get over the astonishment they were thrown into. They were then requested to be seated in the chairs set out for them, and Mr. Filler, stepping forward from one corner of the room, addressed them as follows:

"MR. AND MRS. FILLER: Our worthy friends, in view of the approaching termination of our official relations to you, I have been requested, speaking for ourselves and for some others not present, to express to you our parting greeting. Life is made up of cares and pleasures, disappointments and hopes. The two years during which our official duties have thrown our lives together, have been years of more pleasure and less pain than usually attend the relations of persons similarly associated.

"At parting, we wish you to take to your personal home, this souvenir of our esteem and goodwill. We wish that hereafter, these encircling arms may extend to you the rest to which honest labor, conscientiously done, is always entitled.

"We wish you, as your thoughts shall return to your life here, to rest in the full assurance of the hearty esteem and affectionate regard of each one of us. We can assure you that the recollections of you and of our associated life, will rest delightfully and permanently in the memories and hearts of us all who, to-day, bid you farewell."

During the delivery of the above remarks, the persons to whom they were directed were deeply affected, and there were many moistened eyes in the room.

Mr. Filler responded, feelingly, saying that the good will and approval of his associates in his honest endeavors to serve the interests of the house, were most fully appreciated. He had sought always to do his duty by the highest and the humblest, and this mark of recognition, so generally contributed to by so many, had especial value. He should always recur to his Institution life with pleasure, and concluded with wishing the choicest benediction to rest upon the Institution and those who do it service.

The presents bestowed upon Mr. and Mrs. Filler are two black walnut stationary rockers. They are covered with old gold colored rep of beautiful designs, and trimmed at the top and around the base with wine colored velvet.

The presents were worthily bestowed. The expressions of regret are hearty and sincere at Mr. Filler's departure from the Institution, and all wish him success at whatever calling he may in the future undertake.

Monday, the 5th, was observed as Fourth of July at the Institution. The stars and stripes waved from the flag staff on the central tower, and the front door was festooned with the same colors. The little boys who from circumstances are compelled to make the Institution their home during vacation, had their fun for a while in the morning, shooting off fire crackers and making a noise generally with toy pistols, in order to show their patriotism. Aside from this, nothing special happened about the house to mark the observance of the day.

Messrs. J. M. Park and L. D. Waite took advantage of cheap excursion rates over the various lines of rail roads entering this city, and hid themselves to Detroit, Mich., last Saturday, to see the sights. From there, they passed over to Port Huron, belonging to Queen "Vic's" domains, and spent a day or so among her subjects. They got back home last night, and report having had a jolly good time.

Mr. P. M. Park, probably the oldest deaf-mute teacher now living, is away visiting relatives in the northern part of the State.

Mr. Julius Pier, the gardener of the

Institution, spent Monday last in Prospect, O., visiting his classmate, Harrison Grisby. While there, he met Charley Duray and Burt Kingsley, (Chief Weatherfield).

Judge Biere, a former Trustee, and one of whose daughters is a teacher in the Institution, was visiting here this week.

The Trustees of the Western Reserve College, at Hudson, O., at a meeting on June 29th, conferred upon Superintendent Fay the degree of Ph.D. A deserved honor. We have long ago wondered why the National Deaf-Mute College did not show its appreciation of Mr. Fay and bestow upon him the above degree. And while on the subject, it leads to remark that the College seems, in some cases, tardy in conferring the degree of M.A. upon those of its graduates who, by their progress in the arts, are justly entitled to it. Not one of the graduates of the College who hail from the West, have thus been remembered. Those who have received the degree of M.A., are all residents of or near Washington City. Perhaps if those in authority would cast their eagle eyes over the country they might discover several of their graduates, who have made great advancement since they left College, whom they might encourage by bestowing upon them the reward usually allotted in such cases.

Prof. D. H. Carroll, of the Minnesota Institution, was in the city this week, and left for New Lexington, O., this afternoon. He has in charge a pupil of the Minnesota Institution who, luckily, was left with a big fortune by the death of his father, which he is allowed to spend without stint. Mr. Carroll's sole business for the next few weeks will be to take his charge around to see something of the world. They will go, in a few days, from New Lexington to Pittsburg, visit some of the mountain scenery in Pennsylvania, and then take in some of the principal cities of the East.

We questioned Mr. Carroll regarding the National Deaf-Mute Convention. In reply, he stated that he was heartily in favor of it, and urged his friends here by all means to attend it. As for himself, much as he desired, it would be utterly impossible to be present, owing to previous business arrangements. He hoped much good would result from the Convention.

The result of the games played by the Independents since they started out on their present tour, is as follows: At Akron; Akrons 10, Independents 3. Elyria; Elyrians 2, Independents 1. The game is stated as to have been the best ever witnessed in that city, the weather being rainy and the grounds in very bad condition for playing. In the second game with the same club, the Independents won 8 to 2. At Norwalk; Norwalks 7, Independents 3.

While the above result is not so encouraging as the friends of the club had reason to expect, still it should be borne in mind that the members of the club began this tour without having played a single game together for nearly a year. However, by the time they get a little more practice, they will, no doubt, show up better.

In the four games played, the Independents have scored 15 runs to their opponents 21, a difference of only 6 runs. Certainly not a bad showing.

COLUMBUS.

July 8, 1880.

Connecticut Items.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—According to announcement, a surprise party was given at the residence of Mr. Robert Beers, a respectable young gentleman in Bridgeport, on his birthday, June 23d. "Bertie" was very kindly sent an invitation to attend, but did not go on account of a variety of accidents, so that we regret for being unable to give any information of it.

Stating in our last that Miss Hattie Wilson, of Easton, was going back to Hartford, owing to Mrs. Clerc's death, she will not go at all. Mrs. Clerc suffered while she lived, but now she has gone to her rest, where there is no sickness or sorrow, but rest and happiness forever.

Miss Wilson lives eight or nine miles from Bridgeport, as we made a mistake in our last.

Miss Eliza Lockwood, a Stamford lady, anticipates a visit from Rev. Mr. Turner on the 13th. If nothing had happened on that day, she would be going to the M. L. A. excursion, but she most gladly concludes to stay home to hear Mr. Turner. He was going to stop at Stamford on his way to Bridgeport and New Haven, from New York last fall, but Miss L.'s pastor being absent in Maine, for his health, prevented him. Miss Lockwood has been an episcopalian for eight years.

Theo. Lounsbury, a semi-mute, aged about fourteen, has moved to New York from Stamford, where he had lived from infancy, so we have understood from Miss Lockwood.

Miss Georgianna Loomis, formerly of Bridgeport, a very nice young lady, now lives in New York. We are informed she will probably board at Miss Wilson's for a short time this season, on account of delicate health. Both of the above mentioned are Hartford pupils, and look so bright.

Miss Sarah Ann Partridge, an English lady, and former pupil of Hartford, is living with her mother in New Britain.

"I could not," said a mute lady, whom we the other day asked whether she would be going to the M. L. A. excursion, July 13th. "I could not say positively, but I very likely think I shall remain at home, although I should be very happy to go. I am

very sure Mamma will be pleased as well as myself." Let her be alone!

We hardly think we shall go to said excursion, but we will stay where we are, for Rev. Mr. Turner is going to visit this State the following week.

However, gladly this lady joins us in wishing the picnic a complete success, and every body a pleasant time on the water, and a jolly rambling on the land, and besides a safe return, So bye-bye.

BERTIE.

July, 1880.

Boston Brown Bread and Baked Beans.

Our esteemed friend Albert C. Hargrave, has started on his travels in search of a wife. That he may meet with success is the devout wish of his friends, certain young ladies expected.

The much talked of picnic at Willow Dale promise to be a grand affair. Several mutes of New York who are well known gentlemen, will come to smash the hearts of the Lowell and Boston girls with their waxed moustaches and eye glances. They are all said to be lady-killers, but they will be killed by the ladies of the Hub before they can kill the fair sex with their fascinating glances. Come, New Yorkers, one and all.

Our Boston Boy, Harry White, is now almost an editor. When he left the college after the examination, President Gallaudet gave him a letter of introduction to the Boston Daily Advertiser, the best business paper in the city, and I understand that he has got a position on the editorial staff of that paper. Accept our congratulations, Harry. Now a wife is in order, and where will Harry go? Rumor says the beautiful young lady (hearing) he went to the beach with on the fifth, can tell the best.

Isaac A. Blanchard has a new ring on his forefinger. Don't forget to send us cards, Old Boy.

Mrs. F. C. Davis has gone back to Newburyport for a week, and expects to attend the picnic at Willow Dale. She is a fine lady.

Henry H. Davis, of Milton, went to the great aquatic contest between Harvard and Yale, and he came home almost crying on account of "poor Harvard." However he was seen consoling himself the next day in a buggy with a brown-eyed, dark haired, pretty young lady who can talk but not hear. Mr. Davis has a nephew at Harvard, I heard. Any cake to spare on your wedding day for "a few friends," Mr. Davis?

The Big Giant of Boston, went to Worcester to find a "little darling" for his bosom, but we judge from his disappointed looks that he did not find any. He will possibly go to the New York picnic to get one. The Little Giant will go with him for company's sake, you know, misery's sake. "Josephine" will also attend the picnic to catch "Lester Montrose."

Misses Edna J. Howes and Bella C. Flagg visited the Navy Yard a few days ago and were much pleased with their visit. There are many things of interest at the Yard, and many persons visit it daily.

Mr. Frank B. Roberts will start for Newcastle, N. H., where he will pass the summer.

JANE.

Boston, July 10, 1880.

What Miss G.—, an Illinois lady, says about the National Convention?

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A highly intelligent semi-mute lady, who is preparing to attend the proposed National Convention, writes me. "I wish they would have worship on Sunday, the 29th we go so far, we want to worship together. We don't want to start home before Monday morning. I therefore would suggest that we spend the Sabbath in Cincinnati." No doubt this lady's wish, is but a counterpart of one held by many another person, who expects to be present at this first national gathering of the deaf element of our population, and if the subject of Sabbath worship has not yet been taken into consideration by the chairman of the committee on programme, I would most respectfully suggest that Miss G.'s wish be respected by the arranging for at least two services on the Sabbath—one in the forenoon, and one in the evening—though I think four services would be better. A union prayer-meeting in the morning, from eight or half-past eight to ten o'clock, and in the afternoon, from two to four or five, a union experience meeting. I say union,—because just now there is so much sensitiveness upon the mode of worship subject,—because the convention is a union affair, and no interested party, either secular or religious should boss it.—"What hath God wrought," should be the central thought of all, the theme uppermost in every mind. Mental darkness changed to light; silence most profound made vibrant with the melody of thought; Captive's—object captives set at liberty;—Men and women bound together by the strong cords of a mutual deprivation, gathered from the four corners of the country to look into each others' faces; clasp each others' hands, discuss mutual interests; and pledge support thereto. What ground here for sectarianism or party spirit? Nay, there is none. The only spirit wanted—the only spirit that should be countenanced, is the spirit of courtesy, charity and love, christian love—sentimental love, too, if that's decreed; and no doubt in some cases it is; so be brave, ye fated ones, and pass the trying ordeal as gracefully as possible. If your courage begins to waver, perhaps some good angel will sing for your special benefit the ditty,—

"O stand the storm, it will not be long, And you'll anchor by and bye!" or something still more appropriate. To go back to the worship idea. If there is difficulty in selecting genti-

men of ability and liberal views, why, just be magnanimous, and turn the honor over to the ladies; Mrs. Lynde, of Mass., for instance, but give the chosen speaker, or speakers, ample time to prepare their sermons, as there is so much to be gathered up and classified in the way of change and incident, if anything like a historical discourse is attempted—though probably the majority would choose a pure Gospel sermon.

The opinions expressed by Mrs. Dr. Gray, in last week's paper, are sensible and opportune. If the presence of ladies is wanted to give a gentle tone to the Convention, contentious about office must quickly cease. One man must be elected and sustained; and why not Mr. McGregor, as he is at headquarters, and able to give satisfaction to all reasonable people. This done, the ladies, who cannot, like gentlemen, run to the clothing store and procure ready made garments any day, because of the greater variety and elaborateness required in the making of their costumes, will do their shopping and go to work at once; then when the gathering takes place, much prettier toilets than can be prepared in a short time will please the eyes of all, and in a measure reward those who sacrifice their own petty individual preferences to the best interests of the majority.

To all who have not means to attend, I will kindly say, never mind—your holiday will come some time. Another convention of still greater scope may be held before you leave this mundane sphere; so cheer up, and toil on patiently. To those who have the means, but are not yet fully decided as to the advisableness of attending, I say emphatically, go, by all means. Go, and con again that sadly comforting lesson you learned when you first went to school, that you are not alone in the affliction of deafness, which sometimes seems greater than you can bear. Go, and while exulting over the proofs of what education has done for your afflicted brothers and sisters, help them to devise ways by which to prove to the world yet more plainly, that it pays to educate the deaf and dumb. Go, and add the mite of your individual presence and influence, towards making this first national gathering of deaf-mutes, honorably memorable.

ANGIE FULLER.

SAVANNA, ILL., July 7, 1880.

National Committee.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—At the solicitations of my friends in New England, rather than from any confidence in my fitness for a position, which better becomes a man with more years as well as experience. I consent to act for this section of the country on the National Committee.

J. T. Tillinghast of New Bedford, would be eminently the right man in such a place; possessing as he does great business talents, and experience in the affairs of conventions, but since he persists in declining in my favor, there is nothing left for me to do but to accept the honor and to try to prove myself worthy of such high confidence.

Permit me to offer here a few suggestions in relation to the convention. The chief duty of the National Committee should be to prepare a programme for the convention, so that all who go may know beforehand what to expect. There are many persons who are waiting to read the programme before deciding to go or not. The Local Committee should be under the orders of the National; this is what Prof. McGregor, the Chairman of the Local Committee, recommends. Grant the National Committee discretionary powers, and they will do their best to promote the success of the convention.

No member of the committee has been named from the South. That land of dark-eyed beauties and of chivalrous, high-souled gentlemen, ought not to be left out in the cold.

HENRY WHITE.

Boston, July 6, 1880.

What is the Convention For?

Is this intended for a wet or dry blanket? The wise (?) man who propounded it seems to never have heard of a convention of any kind before. If he will take the trouble to look up the early history of all conventions, we think he will find many, if not all of them, started off on a "wild goose chase," as much as the coming General Convention of Mutes of America did, if not more so. Some of the Conventions started off with a big idea and wound up with a very small one—"a fizzle." Others started with a small idea, and an undefined one at that, and grew into a large one—a great success. And as deaf-mutes are human beings, "a class," and "a people," I cannot see why they have no "rights," or cannot do as "white folks do."

"WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO?" Another "wet blanket," we guess; and as we are "no prophet nor son of a prophet," we cannot tell. But it seems to us that if the Convention does no more than make all our hearings and paper acquaintances *personal ones*, it will be a success; a success, too, at far less cost of time and money than can be made any other way. And the good this *personal acquaintance* will do will be to bind us into a closer mutual bond of friendship, which will result in pleasant reflection in after years, encourage each other to struggle on with life more manfully and willingly; drive gloom and loneliness from all of us for the time being, and do it also once in a while all along the journey of life; and "last, though not the least," do something for or towards the moral, political, (?) social, educational, domestic,

and perhaps (?) *professional*, standing of our people. At least in our subsequent Convention, if not in our first one.

"WILL IT PAY?" That depends upon the tricks and the successful scheming for money that the *scamps* or "Achim in the camp," play. For, as a people, we deaf-mutes are not exempt from our full share of rascals, some of whom are said to be "wolves in sheep's clothing!" Otherwise, my money scheming friend might just as well ask us if religion pays. Or we will reply by asking a question: Does it pay a man to raise and educate children? As though they (children) were only begotten, raised and educated on the low basis of dollars and cents, like cattle and hogs. And as the good and wise man begets, raises and educates his children at a pecuniary loss and untold trouble to himself for the good of society, posterity and the pleasure and *mortality* of his children, and the glory of God; so we deaf-mutes of America propose to bring forth, and raise to maturity, if we can, a National child for the good of our people and the glory of God in afflicted humanity, in a Convention! And that, too, without any regard to cost, or "will it pay," with which we have nothing whatever to do. All such are beyond price, and have no money value to them whatever.

"CAN THE POOR DEAF-MUTE AFFORD TO ATTEND?" That depends upon the distance he is from the Convention, and the amount of time and money he can afford to spare. Many of those who are poor, but live within a hundred miles or so of Cincinnati, may be able to attend; while those too far off for the amount of means at their command will, like the poor people of all other classes, be forced, by no fault of their own, nor of the Convention either, to remain at home and wait until some subsequent Convention comes nearer their home, or they in time become able to attend.

We here beg all mutes who aim to attend, to make sure they can full well afford to spare the expenses of the journey and hotel charges, etc., and in no wise to rob themselves or their families of that which they cannot morally spare. And so far as we can, we promise them as one, if we are present at the Convention, to look after and work for their interest as much as we do or can for those who are present; for we have no personal axe to grind at all, and our aim was, is, and I hope ever will be, to be broad, just and National in our ideas and acts. [And to this end, we ask the prayers of the poor mutes, and others, too, for ourselves and the Convention.]

P. A. EMERY.

The Far West.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—A few weeks ago Mr. R. D. Livingstone sent a grub stake to Breckenridge to prospect in mines. Two weeks ago a very rich mine had been struck, a few miles above the town, near the Blue River. A specimen was sent to Denver to be assayed and the assayer reports that it yields about \$295 per ton. The lucky owners of the mine are Messrs. R. D. Livingstone and D. R. Thayer, both of New York. They received several handsome offers for the mine, but refused all. The mine is said to be worth several thousand dollars, but though Mr. L. is the owner of the mine he has as yet not seen it, as he has been away in the mountains looking after his claims there. He is expected in this city, Denver, on or before July 4th, and he intends coming the *via* Royal George and Pueblo stage line, visiting on the way his two mines, Flora and Agnes, located near Buena Vista, which are to be bonded to a New York party for one hundred thousand dollars. Mr. L. is a very courteous gentleman, and is liked by all who know him, and his popularity is very great. He made a flying visit to Denver, on business, about ten days ago, and then left for the mountains.

Mr. James Cary is reported to be doing very well in business in Como. He expects to pay Leadville a visit on the 4th of July, and expects to have a good time.

Mr. Louis Huff makes \$20 to \$30 per week by setting type in the Leadville Democrat office. No printers in the East can beat him, and no one can get as good pay as in Colorado and Montana.

A deaf-mute named Mr. Fletcher, hailing from Halifax, N. S., has been in Denver since last February, and he works in the carriage shop. He is very anxious to get a good wife. I think that a good chance is awaiting "Josephine," "Mignon" or "Miss McKay."

I am very happy to say that Denver has no deaf-mute loafers or beggars since Mr. Paine, of Illinois, got scared and left Denver. Poor fellow! he has been sentenced to the Penitentiary, in Laramie City, W. T., for six years.

Mr. A. Calder, of Pennsylvania, was in town trying to get a situation, but in vain. He went away somewhere.

Mr. Frank M. Chaney and his excellent wife, of Colorado Springs, came to Denver. After staying in town for a few days, during which time they enjoyed the hospitalities of Mr. Livingstone, Mrs. C. left for Mill City for recreation, and Mr. C. returned home. I regretted very much that I was out of town when he called, but he may come to Denver on the 4th of July, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Harbert, and I hope to be in town then.

Miss Maude Smith, of Boston, a daughter of the lamented Mrs. Smith, sent Mr. Livingstone a present in the shape of one of her beautiful likenesses. He values it very much.

Denver is a great booming city. It has a population of about forty thousand, and has many very fine buildings and parks; but there is not enough houses to meet the demand. About 500 persons arrive in Denver daily. Last winter I attended several socials in Denver, and noticed many beautiful ladies, for which it has become come quite noted.

I noticed in the New York Herald that in New York the thermometer registers 95 degrees above zero. Out here it is quite cool, and we can see perpetual snow on the mountains.

So the National Convention is a decided fact, and it is to take place in Cincinnati, Ohio. Good enough! I will try to go there, and hope to see a great many friends of mine from the South. Mr. Livingstone will most likely go there, if nothing happens, and perhaps he will make an extended eastern trip from Cincinnati, before he returns to Colorado.

I hope that the Convention will elect Mr. Edmund Booth for President and Prof. Emery for Treasurer, because they are the right men for the places. Mr. Livingstone told me he was in favor of John Carlin, Esq., for President, and Mr. Chas. S. Newell for Treasurer. Mr. Carlin or Mr. Booth ought to be elected, as they are the right men. If they decline I desire that some Southern or Western gentleman fill the office, but no New Englander.

Hancock has been nominated at last! Good! I will certainly vote for him for President. Mr. L. is in favor of Gen. Garfield. We have made a bet of twenty-five dollars on our candidates for President. I hope that Hancock will win.

I received several letters from deaf-mutes in Maryland asking if they could obtain situations here, and Mr. Livingstone also received many letters from persons asking the same question.

I am very sorry Dr. Gallaudet did not come to Denver when he was in the West. He would have been very welcome. There are only three or four deaf-mutes in Denver, but we intend forming a Bible Class in the Fall. We intend to be self supporting and not go around soliciting money from the citizens.

C. F. M.

Biddeford-Saco Picnic.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Thinking that a few lines from down East might be of interest to your readers, I venture to send them.

We had the pleasure, on Saturday evening, July 3d, of welcoming Wm. Bailey and lady, of Beverly, Mass., who officiated at the Unitarian Chapel, on School street, Saco, on Sunday, the 4th. It has seldom our fortune to listen to a fairer sermon than was then delivered. At the morning service there were many persons present, and eighteen in the afternoon, including the preacher. In the evening, by invitation of Mr. Titcomb, the deaf-mutes of Biddeford and Saco assembled in his spacious parlor for the same purpose. Addresses were made by Messrs. Bailey, Deering, Page Titcomb and a well known writer for the deaf-mute press, whose modesty equals his ability to handle the pen. His name we suppress for fear of shocking above named virtue, for modesty is indeed a quality hard to find among writers for the mute press.

On the morning of the 5th ult., the mutes of Biddeford and Saco, held their annual picnic at Hill's Beach, down Saco River, and at an early hour could be seen wending their way towards the little steamer "Angusta," on board which they embarked, and after a pleasant sail of half an hour's duration, disembarked, and wended their way through the deep sand to a pine grove, and unloading themselves of the good things prepared for the refreshment of the inner man, dispersed in various directions, while awaiting the arrival of others who arrived at the wharf too late for the early boat. By 11 o'clock, the late comers were on hand, and preparations were got under way for the annual chowder, under the superintendence of that unrivalled Carter Deering. While the cooks were at work, we enjoyed ourselves by story-telling, talking etc., and the writing of an original poem.

After awhile the chowder was pronounced eatable, and soon disappeared together with other refreshments, last, but not least was an excellent pail of lemonade. After dinner games were played and conversation carried on, while and there, could be seen a couple of opposite sexes sitting together in a way that betokened a little courting on the sly. What say you, Messrs. F. and D.

Towards the close of the p. m., a leaping match was held, in which Bailey, of Beverly, Dixon, of Portland, Wood, of Lewiston, and the champion mute joker, together with Messrs. Deering and Titcomb, of Saco. The 1st prize, a pipe, was awarded to the mute joker. Dixon, of Portland, won 2d prize, which shall be nameless, Bailey coming in third. Messrs. Deering and Page proved the poorest jumpers, the former generally coming down on all fours, crab style. At the close of the jumping match, we donned shirts and coats, and wended our way towards the wharf to await the steamer's return, with the exception of Messrs. Deering and Cleaves, who with their wives, returned as they came in the latter's team.

In the evening, the Biddeford mutes assembled at the residence of J. W. Page, and spent a few pleasant hours in story-telling and other amusements, not least of which was going home with the girl.

Mr. Dixon, of P., will be the guest of J. W. Page for a few days.

We regretted the absence of Mrs.

J. W. Page, Mr. and Mrs. Burrill and Mr. Patterson at the picnic.

Those at the picnic were Mr. and Mrs. Bailey; Mr. and Mrs. Titcomb; Mr. and Mrs. Deering; Mr. and Mrs. Cleaves; John Dixon, of Portland; Mr. and Mrs. Wood, of Lewiston; Mr. J. W. Page; Misses Bennisson, Bradbury, Colley and a JOURNAL correspondent.

A word about our religious services will not be amiss. Mr. Bailey is much liked by us, and appears to be in earnest in his endeavors to do us good, and ideas as reported in the Brooklyn Leader, is respectfully informed that his article against Mr. Bailey, is not the sentiment of the majority of Biddeford and Saco mutes. Taken together our picnic was one of the most enjoyable we have held.

On dit, it is reported that a mute gentleman proposed to two or three of the ladies, thus usurping their leap year privilege, and was rightly punished by being rewarded with a bestowal of the mitten. Eh, F?

The report is common among Rambler's friends, that he contemplates leaving for the Sandwich Islands, on his return from his sea trip.

A SPECTATOR.

Portland, July 6, 1880.

The N. E. G. A.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—As I saw in a recent JOURNAL number that the New England Gallaudet Association had had no convention for four years, and the proposed to convene it, I don't see that the president as well as the Board of State Managers have any right whatever, to continue to hold the office, but they should consider themselves ex-officers, since the last biennial convention was not held by default. If they should insist on holding the office, it is unconstitutional as well as arbitrary. If the president has proclaimed the convention, well, let it go on. If not, let a few able and intelligent members, living in and near Boston, self-constitute as a committee of arrangements, and they would call the convention, provided that it would suit the majority of the members.

No doubt, Boston would be the best place for the purpose of replenishing the funds; the next best, Hartford; the third, Worcester, Mass. The other places—as in Maine, New Hampshire, etc., are no good.

Of course the treasurer and secretary by necessity should hold the office, and issue certificates of membership to those paying one dollar, and the new members, say fifty or more in number, shall go into a caucus to appoint a temporary chairman of the convention. The said committee of arrangements should have obtained new certificates of membership before they would legally serve. As to the *Mercury* funds, they must not eat them up, but see that the money would be invested to the best advantage. I would refer the members respectfully to Mr. Geo. Homer for advice. His word is good.

The old constitution of the said association, is a dead document, and I believe that most of the members have never seen it. I would advise that a committee of three most intelligent members, to revise the constitution, should be appointed, and they would report to the next convention for adoption by two-thirds. There are several defects in the said constitution. I would be happy to give suggestions when the said committee is ready.

WM. K. CHASE.

Ex-Member of the N. E. G. A. MANDARIN, FLA., July 2, 1880.

Mercury in Louisville.

Suddenly called by sickness of his youngest child, who was visiting his grandmother, near Louisville, Mercury took cars for the Falls city last week. Finding the child better, the writer concluded to take in sights of his old home. He first met Jake Seibert, who was looking hale, and working at his trade—trunk-making.

Ed. Gibson, an old Philadelphian, is well and doing well. He is a retired gentleman of leisure.

Lamantus Rusk is taking his life well, and works at the plow factory of Merkle & Co., having left Avery & Son's factory a year ago. His speaking brother, Joseph Rusk, was drowned last week in the Hanging Fork, a dangerous and steep stream about twelve miles from Louisville.

The writer, in company of his "bruder-in-law," had the pleasure of forming acquaintance with Miss Hartshorn, at her residence in New Albany, Md., a beautiful town opposite Louisville on the Indiana side of the Ohio river. There we found Misses Pierce and Peters, two lovely Louisville ladies, who were visiting Miss Harts-horn came from Boston, Mass., and is very popular among the Falls City mutes.

Miss Bertha Frank is doing well. Her father died June 1st., but left his family in good circumstances. He was a captain in the Federal army during the late unpleasantness. He was a member of numerous benevolent orders.

The father of George Lesser is dead, having died a few months ago. George is working in a saddlery factory, and supports his widowed mother.

Mrs. Louisa Rusk's father is also dead. Her mother and sister are down with malarial fever. She and her little girl Lena are well.

The Bible Class is doing well under the efficient superintendence of Miss Fella.

MERCURY.

July 2, 1880.

The trouble with the ten cent chunk of ice this year is that it has been halved

The B. and O. R. R., Cincinnati, Seymour, Vincennes and Evansville News.

On the morning of the 24th of June, several students of the U. S. Deaf-Mute College, such as Mr. P. J. Hassenstab and your correspondent, left Washington, D. C., via the B. and O. R. R. which is said to be the straightest line in the world, and runs up and down the mountains, valleys and hills, and along the shores of the rivers, and canals, with the speed of lightning—so fast that we could not stand up, especially when the train ran down the hills. This carried us to Cincinnati in less than 21 hours, the distance being 800 miles. Though we were somewhat tired of our long journey, yet we were filled with delight and admiration at the variety, beauty and novelty of the prospect of the valleys, just like the great Shenandoah Valley. We crossed many streams and ran rapidly through about 50 tunnels. We looked from the car windows and saw several wonderful perpendicular valleys and elevated hills, along which stand many handsome villages that seem to be pleasant places to live in. On the following morning Cincinnati finally came in sight, with its large manufactories and high church steeples, at the sight of which we danced for joy to get out of the dusty cars. At the depot, we met a classmate of '79, who at first did not recognize us, as our faces were as black as if they had been painted with dirt like a beetle.

Mr. Hassenstab was anxious to spend a few hours with us in Cincinnati and Covington, Ky., but it rained at that time, which compelled him to start home soon after he got to the depot.

Mr. Drake called with me on Mr. W. J. Blount, whose 32 relatives are deaf and dumb, and he is said to be the smartest among them. He was born in the Kentucky, Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, where his deaf-mute father taught till he died. His mother, who is now visiting her deaf-mute relatives in Kentucky, is the smartest deaf-mute lady in that State, and is a very graphic sign maker, and she is anxious to obtain a position as a teacher in one of the Institutions. She used to live in Evansville a few years ago with Mr. Hoagland's family and with Mr. Blount. We talked with Mr. Blount's deaf-mute grandmother, who, although she is very old, is remarkably intelligent. We had a pleasant conversation with Mrs. J. K. T. Hoagland, with whom we took dinner before we crossed the Ohio to Cincinnati, where we called on Mr. McGregor. Mr. Hoagland was away in a town near Louisville, Ky., to bring his two nephews, who were homesick. Soon after, I was introduced to Prof. McGregor, who talked to me as if we were old college friends. He is one of the wisest and fun-making persons my eyes ever rested on. He is a gentleman of high attainments and strong mind, and has greater influence in Cincinnati than any other mute, which makes the mean deaf-mutes there backbite him; but they might as well bark at a post as at Prof. McGregor. Mrs. McGregor is an intelligent deaf-mute lady. She was one of the teachers at the Maryland Deaf-Mute Institute, and her place there is now occupied by Miss Berry, whom I saw last April when I visited that Institution.

About two miles from Cincinnati there rises a prominent eminence, from the top of which one can obtain a commanding view of the city and the country for miles around. On this beautiful site is situated a great group of buildings, of which one rises high above the rest, and with its broad expanse of roof, which is given a lightness of outline by the gables, dormer-windows, towers and graceful chimneys, which spring up at every angle. This is the Bellevue House, in which the First National Convention of the Deaf-Mutes of the World will be held on the 25th of August, 1880! Through the influence of Prof. McGregor, this splendid place will be placed at the disposal of the deaf-mutes free of charge. He kindly showed me over the place, which is everywhere nice and cool. Therefore at least 3,000 intelligent deaf-mutes should be there to see for themselves, and to promote their welfare and social position. Those who expect to attend the Convention will have a pleasant time, not only at it but also in visiting the magnificent places, such as the Cincinnati Exposition of this fall, the Zoological Garden, and the Mammoth Cave, of Kentucky, the most wonderful and greatest thing the world can show. After returning from the cave, they may visit the Deaf-Mute Institute, at Danville, Ky. After Mr. McGregor had shown me through the Bellevue House, he earnestly invited me to spend three days at his comfortable home, while Mr. Drake spent a day there. The third day of my stay at his residence saw a nice company, consisting of Mr. Hoagland and family, Miss Cook, one of the pupils of the Cincinnati Day School for Deaf-Mutes, Messrs. Blount, Lawson, and some others. Mr. and Mrs. McGregor will please accept my hogshead of thanks for their kindness to me. Prof. McGregor can do everything in the best way, so he should be elected president of the Convention.

On Monday morning, June 28th, I left Cincinnati for Seymour, Ind., and although I passed through Aurora, Ind., I could not get time enough to visit my old and great friend Miss "Mignon," for which she will do me a favor by giving me a kind excuse. When the fine-looking conductor came to me for my ticket, I asked him for a stop-over check for Seymour, which he could not give me in accordance with the rules of the road, because my ticket was a special one. He was very sorry. After a short talk with him, I found out that he was the son-in-law of Hon. B. F. Price, whose deaf-mute daughter it was my intention to visit. At last he gave me leave to get off at Seymour, for which I thank God. I found on my arrival that Miss Ida Price was in Brownstone, a small village 11 miles away. I went there, first going to the Brownstone Hotel. I then hurried to the residence of Mr. Price, when Miss Ida saw me she danced for joy. We had a very pleasant time. Her noble father is the auditor of Jackson (not Gen. Andrew Jackson) county, and her mother is a very fine looking lady. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Price, and then I drove with Miss Price to Seymour, and we had a very pleasant ride. We drove to the residence of her sister, Mrs. Kate Stilwell, the wife of the conductor. I received a pressing invitation to stay to supper, after which we had a conversation with Mr. Shipman, who left the Indiana Institution a few days ago. He says that the new Superintendent, Dr. Glenn, is awfully strict, and his pupils complain of being half starved.

On Wednesday morning I left Seymour for Vincennes, Ind., on the O. & M. R. R. on which I had a short conversation with the same conductor, Mr. M. Stilwell. After taking dinner at the Vincennes depot, I called on Mr. Henry Bierhaus. On my way to his house I fell in with Mr. Charles Wheeler's aunt, who persuaded me to stay at her nice house till the following morning. Next morning I proceeded to the firm of Bierhaus & Sons, and there met Mr. Bierhaus, who inquired about his old college chums and about the professors. The firm is the largest pork shop in the City, and about 50,000 hogs are slain yearly for the Eastern cities. They also send a few hundred barrels of eggs to New York annually. Mr. Wheeler's father once had a very extensive piece of land in Vincennes, and his aunt's father bought the farm with a group of buildings from U. S. President Harrison, and his aunt still retains possession. On the farm there is an apple tree 80 years old. It was planted by the president. I took two green apples from the noble tree last year. The aunt keeps a large boarding house, and all the boarders are prominent men. Mr. Wheeler will begin gathering grapes on his uncle's 20 acre farm soon. He showed me the sights in the City of Vincennes in his buggy, on the way to the depot. The City is remarkably level and nice, though it is the oldest city in Indiana, as it was settled about 200 years ago.

Having reached Evansville, I walked to the depot, and my relatives were surprised to see me. But after a short talk they all got mad at me, on the ground that though I am a Democrat, yet I am going to vote for Gen. Garfield, for Miss Ida Price's sake, as he is her cousin—her great grandmother, aged 103, who lives in Missouri, is the sister of Gen. Garfield's mother. My sister's brother-in-law is the Hon. Jno. Kleiner, who threatens, if I do not vote for Gen. Hancock, he will not give me a free pass to come home in November to vote, and in December.

On the 2d of July, I called on the deaf-mutes of this city, and found that Mr. O. Anderson and his wife, from Owensboro, Ky., and Mr. Wm. Kelly and his family, from Boonville, Ind., had moved to this City, and also that Miss Jessie Patten's mother will move here in a few weeks. Now there are at least 40 deaf-mutes in Evansville. By occupation, Mr. Anderson, whose father keeps the St. Cloud Hotel here, is a barber, and Mr. Kelly is a frame-maker. Misses Babette Myer, Lena Reining and E. Stephens, are the most intelligent deaf-mute ladies in the City, while Miss O. Hunnel, aged about 14 years, is the most splendidly dressed deaf-mute girl I ever saw in my life.

On the 4th of July, a small party of deaf-mutes was held at Miss Reining's home.

It is strange that nearly every one of the deaf-mutes here has a sister, or a brother, or a relative who is a deaf-mute.

I must not forget to mention here that Miss Price's sister will move to Cincinnati in a short time. She has agreed to go to the Convention with me, and I shall be glad to introduce her to my college-mates. I expect to return to Cincinnati on the 22d of August, before I go to Philadelphia, New York and Boston, where I am in great hopes of having a good time with my friends, such as Messrs. Allabough, Fox and H. White.

Now I have to close this, as I wish to get ready before I start for Memphis, Tenn., to see my sister.

CHARLES KERNY.

EVANSVILLE, IND., July 1880.

One day at Prospect, Ohio.

This year there are three days celebrated as "Fourth of July." They are the third, fourth and fifth.

As there were bills posted up in town, stating that there was to be a grand celebration of the Fourth of July in Prospect, Ohio, on the third of this month instead of the fourth, I determined to attend the celebration, and as all the railroads would convey passengers at half fare, round trip tickets, I took passage on the Columbus & Toledo road. I left Marion at 5:14 A.M., and arrived at Prospect at 5:54. I met one of my cousins at the depot, at that place, and then turned

me for my ticket, I asked him for a stop-over check for Seymour, which he could not give me in accordance with the rules of the road, because my ticket was a special one. He was very sorry. After a short talk with him, I found out that he was the son-in-law of Hon. B. F. Price, whose deaf-mute daughter it was my intention to visit. At last he gave me leave to get off at Seymour, for which I thank God. I found on my arrival that Miss Ida Price was in Brownstone, a small village 11 miles away. I went there, first going to the Brownstone Hotel. I then hurried to the residence of Mr. Price, when Miss Ida saw me she danced for joy. We had a very pleasant time. Her noble father is the auditor of Jackson (not Gen. Andrew Jackson) county, and her mother is a very fine looking lady. I dined with Mr. and Mrs. Price, and then I drove with Miss Price to Seymour, and we had a very pleasant ride. We drove to the residence of her sister, Mrs. Kate Stilwell, the wife of the conductor. I received a pressing invitation to stay to supper, after which we had a conversation with Mr. Shipman, who left the Indiana Institution a few days ago. He says that the new Superintendent, Dr. Glenn, is awfully strict, and his pupils complain of being half starved.

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THE NATIONAL CONVENTION.

CUT THIS OUT AND PASTE IT IN YOUR HAT.

THE FIRST NATIONAL CONVENTION OF DEAF-MUTES WILL MEET AT THE



The following hotels will entertain members of the Convention at the rates named:

Gibson House, Walnut St., bet. 4th & 5th Sts.,	\$2.50 per day.
St. James Hotel, 4th St. bet. Maine and Sycamore,	\$2.00
Galt House, Cor. 6th and Main Sts.,	\$1. to \$1.25
Reid's Hotel, 4th St. bet. Plum and Race, (without board, 75 cts.)	\$1.50

These are all centrally located, and within easy access of the hall by street cars.

The Gibson House is a first-class hotel, one of the best in the city.

The St. James Hotel is a very good one, the other two are as good as any of their class. "You pays your money and you takes your choice."

There are many other hotels, but these are the only ones the Committee have made special arrangements with so far. As soon as other arrangements are made, they will be announced in the JOURNAL.

Any information concerning Hotels, routes, etc., can be obtained by enclosing stamp and addressing R. P. McGregor, 531 1/2 Baymiller St., Cincinnati, O.

R. P. MCGREGOR,
A. F. WOOD,
J. K. T. HOAGLAND, } Local Committee.

CINCINNATI, O., May 31, 1880.

(Explanation of Cut.)—The large building on the right and at top of cliff is the Bellevue House. The next building on the left is the engine house, and below can be seen the inclined Railroad with car ascending. Further to the left and in the distance, is the park or garden where the Deaf-Mute Picnic will be held on the 12th of July. Below is a nearer view of the garden, terrace and part of the city.)

towards the town, which is about two-thirds of a mile west of the depot.

On arriving there I found only a few on the streets, and proceeded to find out where E. S. Adams store was, but not being well acquainted with the town, was obliged to ask to be directed to it, and was surprised to find I was very near it. On entering the store I saw Elmer Adams, a deaf-mute boy sixteen years old leaning on a pile of clothes. He did not recognize me until after his mother told him who I was. He accompanied me all the forenoon, and introduced me to Harrison Grigsby, (not Grigsley, as stated in the JOURNAL of July 1st.) who showed me where his house was. As it was then time for him to be at his place of business he had to leave us, so Adams and I returned to his home, and spent the rest of the forenoon there. About 8 A.M. a buggy halted in front of the house, which I perceived contained Miss Eliza C. Romoser. Missy, if I am not mistaken. After she entered the house, we began a conversation, but before commencing, oiled our elbows, knuckles, shoulders and jaws, so there would be no "sneaking" during our chat.

I am sorry to say that Mr. H. Grigsby forgot to send an advertisement to the JOURNAL.

"FUN! FUN!! FUN!!!"

Harrison Grigsby's Residence, on the 3d of July, at 10 A. M.

Indeed there was much fun, from the time Miss Romoser came till I left for dinner. In the course of our chat, Mr. Grigsby got a chance to leave his place for a few minutes, and we had plenty of fun, no doubt all enjoyed it first rate. We intended to witness the morning parade, but our conversation led us to forget all about it, and thus I am not able to describe it, but I can only say it had two bands. I left at 11 1/2 for dinner, and dined with Elmer Adams. It is of no use for me to mark in what was the bill of fare, yet it was a splendid one. Immediately after dinner, I left alone for Mr. Grigsby's house, and on rapping at the door a little girl peeped out, and perceiving me opened the door, and went in with a big smile. Found all seated around a table eating dinner, waited a few moments for them to finish, then renewed our conversation. During our chat, Miss Romoser saw a mute lady approaching, and said it was Miss Rentchler, of Waldo, but I claimed it was Miss C. Waldo, of Marion. My claim was wrong, and I got laughed at. We resumed our conversation and kept on till Eliza and I left. We all spoke of going, but Miss Rentchler asked us to play dominoes, which we agreed to and at the end found that Miss Romoser won five games, the undersigned three and Miss Rentchler two. I went to town with Miss Romoser, but Mr. Grigsby took me away from her, and

showed me the jail, the town hall and all he could. We then turned towards the hotel where Mr. Grigsby is employed, but on our way was met by Miss Romoser and her brother, the latter of whom invited me to visit their home. We remained there but a few minutes, then left for the depot, at which I arrived just in time to catch the train, which was then ready to start. The mutes I met there were Misses Romoser, Rentchler, Messrs. Adams and Kirby, of Richmond, O., Mr. and Mrs. Grigsby. I arrived home all O. K., and will never forget what a nice time I had in Prospect, Ohio. More anon,

CHIEF WEATHERFORD.

MARION, O., July 5, 1880.

Cincinnati Notes.

Prof. McGregor's day school closed last week for the summer, and it will open in September with the same corps of teachers, they having been elected by the Board of Trustees for another year.

Alfred Wood went to Clark county, Indiana, where he is engaged in fruit picking during his vacation.

Miss Lucy Cook, after the picnic, will spend her vacation in visiting her relatives in the country.

The College students, at Washington passed through the city on their way for their different homes in the west. Among them, Charles Kerney and Hugh Drake stopped in Cincinnati, and went over the river to give "Mercury" a call. They were schoolmates of William Blount, at the Indianapolis school.

Ed. Herr and Field Morrow, also stopped and took part in the Democratic National Convention.

Wm. Hoagland is away in the Blue Grass region, visiting his relatives.

His brother, "Uncle Tom," is still living at the ripe age of 93 years, and is likely to reach his 100th year.

Prof. Schoolfield and his wife, his sister-in-law, Miss Belle Beard, and Miss Stephens, of Danville, Ky., were in the city, exploring the Zoological Garden, last week. Misses Stephens and Bear left for their respective homes, and Mr. and Mrs. Schoolfield will remain for two weeks.

MERCURY.

June 6, 1880.

A Visit to Mount Auburn Cemetery.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Recently, Mr. and Mrs. George Homer, who are indefatigable in their efforts to contribute to the enjoyment of their friends, escorted a select party of deaf-mutes to Mount Auburn Cemetery. The ride thither was delightful, taking us through some of the most pleasant parts of Cambridge, and affording us fine views of Harvard College, the poet Longfellow's residence, the buildings of the University Printing Press, and other points of interest. The day was charming; old Sol's rays being tempered by refreshing

breezes, and our little party spent several hours wandering up and down the shady avenues and paths of this lovely city of the dead.

Mr. Homer took special pains to find the graves of distinguished citizens, among which were Charles Sumner, Rufus Choate, Spurzheim, Dr. S. G. Howe, Bowditch, Amos Lawrence, Peter Brigham, Charlotte Cushman, Fanny Fern, Margaret Fuller Ossoli, and others too numerous to mention. Three deaf-mutes repose within these beautiful shades, namely Mr. and Mrs. George H. Loring, and an uneducated brother of Hon. William Aspinwall. Mr. Homer's little son lies buried in the family lot which is situated in a lovely dell, ornamented by flowers and marked by an elegant monument of Italian marble. Here also repose the remains of Mrs. Homer's parents and brothers. The family is an old Boston one of much respectability, dating as far back as 1647, when John Homer came over from England and settled in Boston. Mr. Homer's father being born soon after the battle of Bunker Hill, was named after the hero, General Joseph Warren.

It would require a full week or more to explore the grounds of this beautiful cemetery, and it is impossible for me to do justice in describing the numerous prominent monuments, many of the designs of which were not only unique and elegant, but of high artistic conception and modelling; embodying not only exquisite taste but also fine poetic ideas.

We were reluctant to leave the cemetery, but fatigue and the pangs of hunger forced us away. Mrs. Homer proposes to return some day, and provided with a lunch, pass the whole day there with her friend. M—

Boston, July 7, '80.

Woodside Picnic.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Our annual picnic for the deaf-mutes, was held on Mr. Woodside's premises, (located seven miles from Pittsburg on the P. R. R.) July 3d. Mutes from different places came and attended it, and it proved a grand success. They enjoyed it very much. They numbered about fifty, and there were a great many speaking people present also. Everything passed off very pleasantly and satisfactorily. A splendid dinner and supper were served. I dare say they had a most delightful time. Pleasant amusements were indulged in, Copenhagen being the chief one. Some picnickers took the early trains for home; others the later. Mr. Woodside was a graduate from Philadelphia twenty years ago. He is married and has three children. He is employed in a cork factory in Pittsburg, and obtains an excellent living. Several deaf-mutes work in the same factory. He always takes a great interest in picnics. His wife was a classmate of his before they were married. Her name was Miss Showalter.

The mutes of this town have a Sunday School in Rev. Milligan's H. P. Church, which opens every Sabbath afternoon at 2 P.M. Deaf-Mutes living in the neighborhood of Pittsburg are always welcome to it. We have a very reliable interpreter in the person of Miss Woodside. At the close of the Sabbath School each Sabbath Rev. Milligan gives us a sermon, which interests us very much.

Miss Hartshorn has been in Pittsburg for some time, but left for Indiana lately, as she had become tired of "soot."

We would like to hear from the mutes of Philadelphia who picnicked at Lake Side, N. J., last Friday. Mr. "Hieronymus" or Miss "Keystone" will please write us about the picnic through the JOURNAL. No more news at present. MAX SCHAMBERG. WILKINSBURG, PA., June 5, '80.

Canada Mutes "Welcome."

DEAR JOURNAL:—I wish to ask: Are not the deaf-mutes of Canada entitled to seats in our coming National Convention? If not, why not? Does the calling of the Convention National make it exclusively of and for the mutes of the United States? If so, I, for one, would prefer it to be called the General Convention instead of "National," so as to admit mutes from Canada, and elsewhere, too, on the same equal footing with those of the United States. For, as yet, no political boundary lines make any distinction between mutes of different nations. And as yet, what is our interest is more or less their interest, and vice versa.

It seems to me that it is no more than just that we invite mutes of all parts of America to meet with us in our General Convention, and to share with us all the rights and privileges of the same, as they do in deafness, dumbness, nation, etc. And I hope that the leading deaf-mutes of Canada will put in appearance at Cincinnati and knock for admission to the Convention. And if I am not mistaken, be most welcome admitted as full members thereof.

Come, Mr. Ed. of the *Silent World*, Mr. Widd, Mr. Thomas, and others "up North," come down to our "social hearth" at Cincinnati, Aug. 25th, '80, and warm up your mute affection (!) with us, for a closer mutual communion and a wider field of thought, if not, also, for a greater use, etc.

P. A. EMERY.

NEW YORK INSTITUTION.

We give below a list of the prize-takers and honor class at the recent annual examination at the New York Institution. The following, which is a fac-simile of the resolutions passed by the Examining Committee, has been kindly furnished us by Dr. Peet:—

Resolved, That the Cary Testimonial be awarded to Elmer E. Smith, for superiority in scholarship and character.

Resolved, That the testimonial to be conferred every year in accordance with the terms of a bequest made by the late Harriet Stoner, upon such pupil in the Institution as has never acquired any knowledge of language through the ear, and, at the time of graduation, shall be found to have attained the highest comparative excellence in character and study, be awarded to Alfred Emmons.

Resolved, That a prize for superior excellence in language and physical science, as studied in the High Class, be awarded to Fred R. Stryker.

Resolved, That in the Department of Art seven prizes and Honorable Mention be awarded, as recommended by John Carlin, Esq., the special official examiner, and in the following order:

I. For extraordinary excellence in water color painting, a prize to Annie C. DeCoster, with honorable mention of Mary H. Whitehead and Florence H. Woods.

II. For painting in oil—three equal prizes to Ella Dillingham, Mary H. Whitehead and Annie E. Lewis.

III. For pastille drawing, one prize to Hannah Kevitt, with honorable mention of Ella Dillingham and Annie E. Lewis.

IV. For free-hand drawing, one prize to Elizabeth Streiner and one to Henry Huyskamp, with honorable mention of Annie C. DeCoster.

V. For lead pencil drawing, honorable mention of Waldo C. Childs, for original sketches; of Mary H. Whitehead and of Herman Zorn.

VI. For crayon work, honorable mention of Waldo C. Childs.

Resolved, That ten equal prizes for success in the use of the Audiphone, of the aggregate value of fifty dollars, donated for the purpose by Richard S. Rhodes, Esq., be awarded to Mollie Pickens, Ella Dillingham, Carrie L. Powers, Louisa Redner, Annie C. DeCoster, Mary A. Meade, Mary A. Lewis, John Connors, John R. Lloyd, Herman Zorn.

Do not yield to bashfulness. Do not isolate yourself, sitting back in a corner, waiting for some one to come and talk with you. Step out: have something to say. Though you may not say it very well, keep on. You will gain courage and improve. It is as much your duty to entertain others as theirs to amuse you.

Do not flatter; in doing so you embarrass those upon whom you bestow praise, as they may not wish to offend you by repelling it, and yet they realize that if they accept it they merit your contempt. You may, however, commend their work whenever it can truthfully be done; but do not bestow praise where it is not deserved.

Grand Union Picnic of the Boston and Lowell Societies.

The fourth Annual Picnic of the Boston Deaf-Mute Society will be held this year on the 21st of July, at Willowdale, Lowell, in conjunction with that of the Lowell Silent Society. By this Union Picnic, the deaf-mutes of New Hampshire, who have never enjoyed a picnic of this kind, and others, scattered in remote towns, will be afforded an opportunity of meeting their friends in a social gathering.

The place, Willowdale, is said to combine both the woodland advantages of Silver Lake Grove, and the sea shore advantages of the Willow's, at Salem. It abounds in cool shade, in bathing and fishing facilities, in swings, and other means of amusement. No better place could have been found for our picnic.

The fare from Boston to Lowell and return is only eighty-five cents. At the depot in Lowell, there will be found two barges capable of carrying one hundred persons, in waiting to carry us to Willowdale. A delightful ride of four miles, through a beautiful portion of the country, will be enjoyed in these barges. The fare from Boston to Willowdale, in all, will be \$1.30, a very cheap fare when we consider the distance to be traveled, and the many unequalled attractions of Willowdale.

DEAF-MUTES OF BOSTON AND VICINITY, ATTENTION.

The only train for our picnic will leave the Boston and Lowell depot exactly at eight o'clock in the morning, and the barges will leave the depot in Lowell at about a quarter past nine. So it behooves every one who intends to go, to be promptly on hand.

Deaf-mutes from Nashua, Concord and other towns in New Hampshire have signified an intention to be present; so have others round about Boston and Lowell.

If the weather should be rainy or otherwise unfavorable, the picnic will be postponed until the next day, the 22nd inst.

All persons living at a distance can communicate with Geo. A. Holmes, Office Registry of Deeds, Boston, in regard to tickets and other matters. Every one who intends to go should at once notify either Mr. Holmes, or Mr. Soper, of Lowell, Mass.

A good time is expected, and the Committee will spare no pains to make the picnic a success.

J. T. TILLINGHAUST,
WILLIAM LYNDE,
Geo. A. HOLMES,
ISAAC N. SOPER,
Committee of Arrangements.

Wisdom for Boys.

Do you wish to make your mark in the world? Do you wish to be men? Then observe the following rules:

Hold integrity sacred. Observe good manners. Endure trials patiently. Be prompt in all things. Make few acquaintances. Dare to do right; fear to do wrong. Watch carefully over your passion. Fight life's battle bravely, manfully. Consider well, then, decide positively.

Sacrifice money rather than principle.

Use your leisure time for improvement.

Attend carefully to the details of your business.

The world's eye sees little beauty in the crown of thorns, and is unable to perceive the grandeur of the faith that accepts the sorrow of the heaviest cross for the sake of the Christ it cannot see. There are, indeed, flashes of spiritual glory, beaming now and then from the Christian spirit in its agony, that are too bright to be concealed; but, usually, the mass of men are unable to hear the undertone of heavenly music that thrills through the cry of Christian sorrow, or detect the robes of the heavenly palace beneath the garments of great tribulation.—[E. L. Hull.

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" " " convenient.

" " it neither wears nor breaks.

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